PRACTICAL POLITICS—By LEWIS NIXON
Leader of Tammany Hall

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

MARCH 29, 1902 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

The Mahin Method

A MAGAZINE OF ADVERTISING

will appear monthly, commencing with April, 1902. In addition to its greater completeness, scope, character and purpose, it will differ from all other publications in that all phases of the advertising situation will be treated — newspaper, magazine, street-car, out-door advertising and the "Mahin follow-up system."

An important feature of the initial number will consist of an essay on "The Psychology of Advertising," by Prof. Walter D. Scott, Director of the Psychological Laboratory of the Northwestern University.

Professor Scott's address at the Agate Club Banquet, at the Auditorium on December 20, 1901, on this subject, was not only the great event of the evening, but gave expression to one of the distinctively new ideas that have come within the range of advertising attention in recent years — one that promises to place advertising upon a scientific basis.

This talented student and writer contributes exclusively under contract to "The Mahin Method" and is editor of his chosen department, devoting his time aside from regular college work to original laboratory research in fields never before entered, besides applying what is already known in psychology to the present every-day utility of advertising.

This department alone offers sufficient inducement for you to begin your subscription with the first issue, as the loss of any one of these valuable contributions, which will appear only in "The Mahin Method," can never be replaced except through our press.

As a further inducement for subscribers to start with the April issue we offer for $1.00:

1. "The Mahin Method," 12 months.

2. "The Commercial Value of Advertising," a lecture delivered by John Lee Mahin at the University of Chicago on February 13th.

3. A 72-page collection of valuable advertising matter containing reproductions of posters, street-car cards, magazine and newspaper advertisements and a symposium presenting the strongest claims for various kinds of advertising methods as follows: "Magazines," by F. N. Doubleday; "Advertising to the Home," by E. W. Spaulding; "Women's Publications," by Thomas Balmer; "Metropolitan Dailies," by J. E. Verree; "Outdoor Advertising," by O. J. Gude; "Bill Posting," by R. C. Campbell; "Street-Car Advertising," by Barron G. Collier; "Religious Publications," by Everett Sisson; "Mail Order Advertising," by William C. Hunter; "Instruction by Correspondence," by Witt K. Cochrane; "Advertising in Local Dailies," by A. W. Lee; "Class Publications," by W. A. Carroll; "Correct Business Methods in Advertising," by J. H. Snitzler; "Organization," by John Lee Mahin; "How to Gain the Trade of the Successful Farmer," by R. S. Thain; "The Advertisement," by H. Jenkins; "Mail Order Method," by H. H. Mallory; "Patent Medicine Advertising," by E. I. Mitchell; "The Follow-Up System," by J. J. Rockwell; "The Development of a New Phase," by F. R. Kochersperger; "Advertising and Salesmanship," by P. E. Faust; "Sentiment in Advertising," by J. E. Beebe; "Photography in Advertising Illustrations," by J. T. Snitzler; "Illustrated Weeklies," by Conde Nast; "The Illustration and The Artist," by Herbert J. Day; "Advertising — Your Safeguard," by F. A. Partenheimer; "The Quality that Conquers," by William Bancroft.

Every article appearing in this symposium was written exclusively for us and by recognized authorities in the department of advertising with which they deal, and the total presents in condensed form the strongest truthful arguments in favor of each style of advertising by men who have made their reputations in the respective lines on which they write.

NOTE — This offer is open for a limited time only and can be withdrawn without notice. Make remittance payable to

THE MAHIN METHOD

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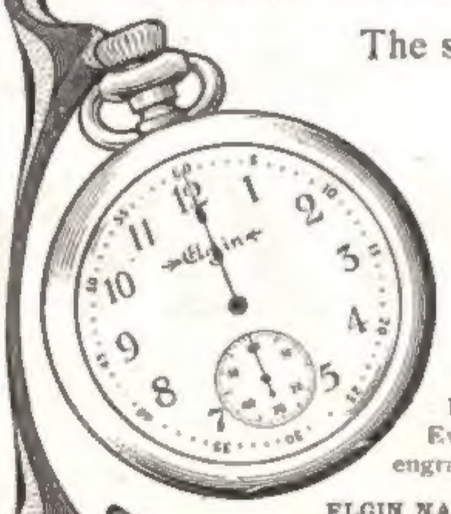
All Hands On Time



The second hand,
the minute hand,
the hour hand, run
in unison on an

ELGIN Watch

Perfect in construction; positive in performance. Every genuine Elgin has the word "Elgin" engraved on the works. Illustrated art booklet free.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, Elgin, Ill.

PAY ONE PROFIT — SAVE TWO

By our Manufacturer's One Profit selling system you can buy Vehicles and Harness direct of us and save the Jobbers' and Retailers' profits. Freight? Yes, you pay the freight, but so does the dealer. If he pays it he charges you a profit on freight also. Do you see?

$45.90 FULL LEATHER TOP BUGGY

LEATHER BOOT and BACK CURTAIN, Long Distance Axles, Spring Cushions, End or Side Bar Springs, Hickory Gear Woods, Full Bolted Hickory Wheels.

CANOPY TOP SURREY, $59.65

Full Fenders, Oil Burning Lamps, Spring Cushions, Full Bolted Wheels, 1¼ Steel Axles, End or Brewster Springs, Fine Finish. **Every Vehicle Guaranteed Two Years.**

Our Complete FREE Vehicle and Harness Catalogue gives full descriptions of these and many other styles. Write for it NOW.

SUTCLIFFE & CO., Louisville, Ky.

Most Attractive Designs. Lowest Prices. Free Delivery

Wood Mantels

We are supplying individuals and contractors in every section of the country with the handsomest line of Wood Mantels ever shown. This illustration gives a fair idea of our prices.

Beautiful Oak Mantels, complete with tiles and grate, $13.50 to $150.00. This style, No. 702, quartered oak, piano finish, 7 ft. 4 in. high, 5 ft. wide, French beveled mirror 16 x 40 in., lower columns 4 in., upper columns 3½ in., complete with best tiles and grate, will be delivered free to any station east of the Mississippi River on receipt of $35.00. Freights prorated to other points.

$35.00

Don't buy until you see our handsome Catalogue showing fifty new designs at equally low delivered prices. Sent FREE. Address Department F

C. P. BROWER & CO. Lexington, Ky.

How Boys Earn Money

IN SPARE TIME

Several thousand boys in all parts of the country are making money on Friday afternoons and Saturdays by selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ANY bright boy who reads this notice can do the same. It will not interfere with school hours. You need no capital to start. We will send 10 copies the first week **free**, which you can sell for 5 cents each. This will provide you with capital to order the next week's supply, which will be furnished at **wholesale** prices.

$225.00 In Extra **Prizes** each month to boys who sell 5 copies, or more, each week.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

almost sells itself. You can get many people to promise to take it regularly, and all you have to do is to deliver the magazines each week. If you want to begin at once, write to-day for booklet containing photographs of some of our most successful boys, with letters telling how they work. We will send the 10 free copies and full instructions.

Circulation Bureau, THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

A SPECIAL EDITION OF "The Nativity"

Free to Subscribers

TO

The Saturday Evening Post

Subsequent to the appearance in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL of Mr. W. L. Taylor's superb conception of The Birth of Christ, that picture was reproduced on a heavy, specially prepared paper by a process which preserved all the beauties of the original painting. A very large number of these were sold by us at One Dollar each. The picture, which is unmounted and ready for framing, measures 21 inches x 15 inches — almost twice as large as this page. We have decided before withdrawing this picture from circulation to give the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST an opportunity to obtain a copy — exactly the same as those sold at One Dollar each — without cost.

To any person sending one (1) new subscription to The Saturday Evening Post between the date of this offer and May 15th we will send one copy of "The Nativity," packed and postpaid.

There is just one condition, and that is inflexible — it must be **a new subscription** and it must be accompanied by the full subscription price of One Dollar. For this Dollar we will send THE POST for a year, and as an acknowledgment of your courtesy in securing the subscription, will forward to you a copy of the picture. Remember that the subscription must not be your own, and that the name you send must not be on our subscription books at the present time. Do not fail to mention the picture when forwarding the order; otherwise it will not be sent.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C.

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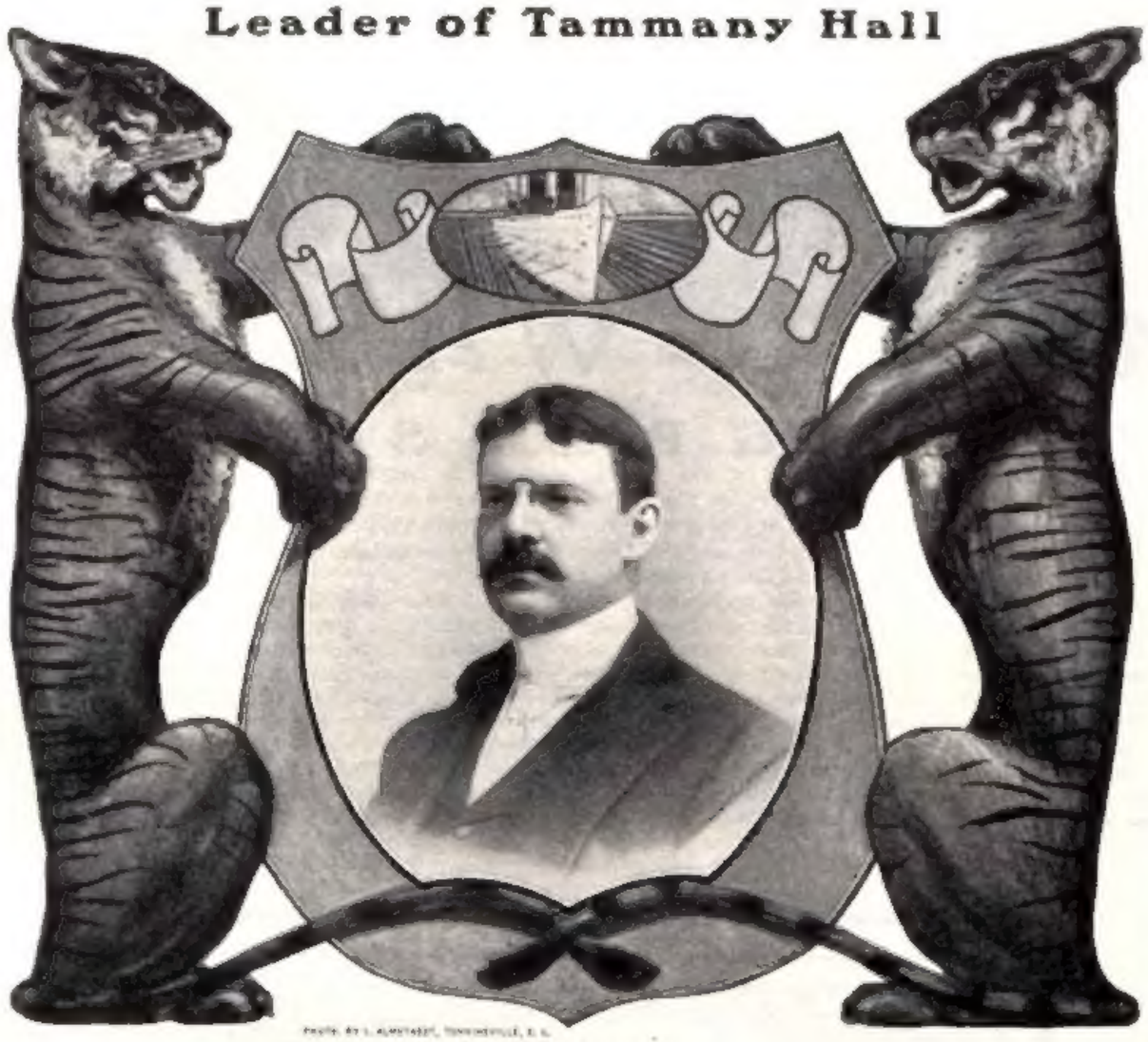
Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

VOLUME 174 — PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 29, 1902 — NUMBER 39

Practical Politics—By Lewis Nixon

Leader of Tammany Hall



MR. LEWIS NIXON

IT IS the duty of every young man to take an active part in politics—as much his duty as it is that he work for a living. In this country, where the people are the government, the conditions under which we live are entirely of our own making. Hence the young man who fails to do his share toward the political work that creates these conditions is guilty of the worst sort of an offense against himself, against his family, against the community.

To do one's duty politically does not consist in blindly voting at election time for some one in whose nomination one took no part. That is mere perfunctoriness. The most important part of the citizen's political duty lies with party organization, now that parties are recognized by law. He has not performed even a shadow of his obligations toward the free institutions on which his liberty, his happiness, yes, his very life, depend, unless he has taken part in this organization, unless he is enrolled in the "machine" if you please to call it so.

Personally, I like the appellation very much. The American "machine," from the typewriter to the steam-engine, is the thing that is making for American supremacy everywhere in the markets of the world, and it is fit that the backbone of the American political system, the organization, should be the "machine" in popular parlance. Of this machine, then, every true American young man should become a part as soon as he acquires political life. Unless he *is* a part of the machine, unless he is enrolled in one or the other of the two great parties, he has, after all, no voice in the election; for with us candidates are selected at the primaries, not at the polls. The man who confines his political activity merely to the dropping of a ballot on election day is not really aiding in the choice of his public servants. He is simply registering his preference between men who have been irrevocably chosen for him in advance by those who have a keener appreciation of the value of the franchise than he.

In the nation, the state, the city, the "machine" creates the candidates and always will. Once in a while in city elections there may be a political spasm which upsets the machine. But it is simply a spasm. It does not endure. Nothing permanent comes out of it. Before the next election the machine is righted and does its work as before, choosing the men who shall be mayor and controller, judge and constable. It is the only practical, the only enduring political system. Non-partisan political schemes are ephemeral. They furnish no permanent solution of the problem of municipal government, any more than they do of national or state government, the so-called professional reformers to the contrary notwithstanding. Even the casual observer can convince himself of this by taking a survey backward. Non-partisanship has accomplished nothing in the way of satisfactory government. It has been tried again and again in all the large cities, but so unsatisfactory have been the results that in no instance has it ever been perpetuated; in fact, I recall no case where a non-partisan or so-called reform administration ever succeeded in securing an election for two successive terms. One trial has always, apparently, been sufficient. In Brooklyn, Mr. Seth Low was elected as a non-partisan mayor, but when he ran the second time he came out flat-footed as the nominee of his political party. Experience evidently had convinced him of the futility of any other course.

Where the Reformer is Apt to Go Wrong

The best results in all American cities have always been achieved under straight-out party administrations. If the theorists would only take the trouble to investigate the question for themselves there could be no doubt as to the conclusion they must reach, and a very troublesome and harmful factor would be eliminated. The trouble with the average professional reformer is that he is bent more on advertising himself, and bringing his own personality to the front, than he is on achieving good for the masses of the people and improving the tone of the government. Almost without exception he is an egotist. He wants things to centre about his own personality, and to have it distinctly understood that he is the head and front of things progressive. His system of thinking is often selfish. He won't admit it, but as a matter of fact the moment such a man gets into office he looks upon the most of the people as constituted simply for the purpose of government by him. Naturally, he never lasts. If he were sincere he would realize that permanent improvement in the government of our cities can come only through active participation in the organization of our party machinery. He would realize that a citizen is not discharging his duty by going to the polls one day in a year to vote, and kicking on the other 364 days.

Among those who oppose party organization are many honest, conscientious men, but they simply beat out their political brains when they try to butt down the wall of partisanship. American men, like all other strong, vigorous freemen who know their political rights and are prepared to maintain them, are partisans. They realize that free government can endure only through party organization. The people in cities, like the people in states, have fallen naturally into party divisions, and there they will remain on all questions so long as our institutions endure. It is a natural division; and permanent, practical and beneficent results can be achieved only through a recognition of this condition.

Non-partisan ideals are too often visionary. The people will have none of them permanently. Party organization along proper lines is wholesome in our city government, as well as in our state and national government. It offers the only means of political discipline. Party organization alone can check men with selfish ambitions. The academic obstructionists in office manifest such ambitions from the very start. They run riot with the powers and prerogatives with which they have been invested. This has been the case in every instance where they have been set up as rulers. Feeling themselves responsible to no organization that can possibly reach them, they do as they please. They ignore public protest because they know that this protest is unorganized and can do them no damage. The next election is far away, and they are so narrow-minded and inexperienced that they actually convince themselves that when election time rolls around the people will have forgotten their just resentment. In fact, so generally is such a man an egotist, that it is rarely borne in on him that the resentment which manifests itself can have any foundation in fact. To his mind it is simply the ebullition of an unimportant coterie of cranks, or the impotent writhing of the wicked under the lash. That the protests that reach him can be founded on justice, or on the rights of the people, seldom enters his brain when he is in power. To his mind there is only one standard of morality, and that is the standard that he has set up. Any other point of view is, in his estimation, that of the publican and the sinner.

New York has had some excellent examples of what may be expected under administrations of this character. We saw for a few years a state of affairs that savored more of Russian autocracy than of American self-government. Certain men ran riot with the rights of the people until the average citizen had no assurance whatever that he would not be harassed and imprisoned no matter how proper and innocent were his pursuits. Men were debauched in order to secure evidence. Vice was scattered throughout the city. Apartment houses in sections of the city which had always been clean and respectable were invaded by a class of people who, forced out elsewhere, gained residence through stealth. Property was irretrievably injured. Respectable people were constantly made neighbors of the most disreputable classes in the community. An intolerable system of espionage was carried on. The people's money was used for purposes that brought a blush of shame to the cheek of every right-minded man. It will take many years to eradicate the mischief wrought by these incontinent reformers, if indeed the mischief can ever be eradicated. And when it was all over, when the damage had been done, when the thick-skulled theorists saw that their course would be condemned by the people at the polls, that they would be turned neck and crop out of control, what did they do? Did they continue non-partisan? No.

Having wrecked the craft that carried them into office and made themselves impossible with the people, they crept aboard the party ship again in the hope that in that way they might once more land in a safe harbor.

If anything in the world could demonstrate the absurdity of irresponsible and hasty action, assuredly this spectacle would have done so. Apparently, however, such object-lessons are lost on the men who are forever in the lure of the pack, ready to tear down without building up. The theory of these men seems to be that, because there are a few bad men in a party, they, the good men, should not be expected to join the regular organization. The fact that there are some bad men in a political organization is no valid reason why good men should stay out. On the contrary, it is all the more strongly their duty to come in and drive the bad men out. Tammany Hall has some of these bad men in its make-up; but it is arrant nonsense to assert that these men represent even remotely the general character and tone of the organization, or that they represent in any sense the 300,000 Democrats of the metropolis. It is the duty of a representative organization, as soon as it discovers the men who are bad, to put them out, instead of letting these men drive out the desirable members. This course will be pursued by Tammany Hall just as soon as it locates definitely the persons who in its name have been guilty of improper practices. It is the part of good citizenship to aid in this process. All Democrats owe it to themselves, and to their party affiliations, to lend a hand. In that way only can they bring about a cure of the municipal sores that trouble New York City. It is idle to expect a cure at the hands of men not accountable for their methods. The obstructionists have had opportunity after opportunity without accomplishing anything.

The Good Points About Tammany Hall

Tammany Hall is essentially the poor man's organization. Its strength is built mainly on the honest man who lives in the tenement and in the small apartment. Its leaders are constantly looking out for the welfare of the laboring class; that is their chief ambition, and the source of most of their power. Often when walking along the streets with one or another of the Tammany leaders he has left me as we passed a building in course of construction, saying: "I am going in there to see the boss plasterer, and the boss bricklayer, and the boss carpenter, to find out if he cannot give a job to one of my men."

That being the case, and the poor man being the mainstay of Tammany Hall, it is folly to suppose that the organization would countenance a state of affairs that would surround its best friends with bad conditions.

It is unfortunately true that a great many voters have accepted as a fact the statements, so often and so lightly made, that every party organization is necessarily corrupt, that it can never be different, and that no honest man who has regard for his reputation can afford to identify himself actively with the machine. A greater mistake has never been made. The pity of it is, this false idea is so strongly imbedded in the minds of such numbers of otherwise well-meaning people that it keeps out of the organization much material that would be invaluable. There is no more reason why a political organization should be corrupt than there is why a business organization should be corrupt. It is, of course, possible in either case, but it is not a general condition. The trouble is that in politics the exceptions are taken as the rule, because they are paraded in the public prints. One rarely or never hears of the good work that political organizations like Tammany Hall do, but one never fails to hear of the bad. A day with one of the leaders would prove a veritable revelation to the men who stand aloof and cry out against the machine.

They would see the helping hand extended to the struggling, the lifting up of the unfortunate. They would see assistance freely but discriminatingly given to men who need it most sorely. In business, in religion, in sorrow and in joy, in all the ordinary and extraordinary affairs of life, the leader stands the friend, the adviser, the helper of the people in his district. He is dependent on them for success at the polls, and success at the polls means his existence. Is a man like that going to trade in the misfortunes of those on whom his political life hangs? Certainly not. The people are no fools. They know an honest man more certainly than do those who sit in club windows, or at home, watching the procession outside, yet never touching elbows with it; who criticise and accuse without coming in contact with life as it is. A politician cannot afford to be dishonest; he can afford it less than can a man in any other walk of life. He is answerable to too many masters. His sins, if he is guilty of any, are certain to find him out, and then he knows his career is at an end.

Organization the Very Soul of Success

It is everywhere admitted in business life that that industry is most successful, is most valuable to the community, which is most highly organized. The great strides America has made in the past five years are attributable in no small degree to her superior industrial organization. You will hear this fact proclaimed wherever intelligent, thinking, business men get together. At the banquets of chambers of commerce, at the reunions of trade, everywhere this is a favorite and convincing theme with the orators. Why, then, do these same men so often and so freely condemn in politics what they extol in business? You will hear them proclaim almost in the same breath in which they praise our great industrial organization that the political organization is bad, "rotten;" that politics should be put on a "business" basis; that the machine should be wiped out. How is it possible to put politics on a business basis except through organization? Do the sporadic efforts of the academic minority, their methods in and out of office, hold out any promise of system, of business, of perpetuity? Certainly not. The machine does. It is the only vehicle that can by any chance be made to carry on political government in cities on a business plane. The necessary thing is for the good citizens to get into the machine of one party or the other, and to give their political duties at least as much attention as they give their social duties. That, and that only, will solve the problem of a clear, decent municipal administration.

That some machines are corrupt or that some members of the machines are corrupt furnishes absolutely no argument against them as an institution, and is no legitimate excuse for failure to participate in their organization and control. Get in and help clear them out. That is the straight course. Would any man think of withdrawing from a business organization because some of its employees and heads of departments were found guilty of dishonest practices? No! He would stand

(*Concluded on Page 17*)

A WOMAN'S WASHINGTON

By "THE CONGRESSMAN'S WIFE"

IT WOULD seem as though the Capital City for some time past has been in about as bad a plight as the ancient city of Angiers was in the tale of King John, and that our inhabitants have had as good a cause to cry out as did Philip of Faulconbridge in that old tale when he was so sorely pressed on all sides: "Now, by my life, some airy devil hovers in the sky and pours down mischief." For surely some "airy devil" has hovered in our sky, and not only poured down mischief but has come down himself to take a hand. First he swooped upon the august body at the north end of the Capitol, leaving the print of his hoofs thereon, and then in passing he cast his eyes over the mansion at the other end of the avenue, and finally with prankish glee he swept his tail over other parts of the town as much as to say with a grin, "Bell, book and candle shall not hold me back."

So he did his task thoroughly, and for various reasons set Senators and Smart Set, together with the several congresses of women assembled here, all by the ears. He gleefully managed the little scrap in the Senate, and then he turned to the elect of the fashionable world and got them, including the Honorable Mrs. Slocum, into such a fume over the visit of our princely Cousin Henry that we are likely never to get over it, all because we were not anywhere given a place either in the forefront or background of the official picture set for the royal cousin. And as for the rest of the town who were not "in it" on either hand, why, they did just what the Hoosier farmers did in the section of a certain former Cabinet man who asked a horny-handed neighbor of his whom he had known ever since he was born:

"Well, John, what did the people hereabouts say when they heard I'd been given a place in the Cabinet?"

The answer came promptly:

"They didn't say nawthing; jist laughed."

And so with the Washington world that was neither in the Senatorial scrap nor in the fume of the Smart Set—they "jist laughed."

But Robert and Senator P—— did not laugh. Ever since the little scene in the Senate they've gone about looking as grim as the picture of old Zadoc Porter on the famous patent-medicine bottles. I tried to cheer them up by retailing some of the woes of the Smart Set during the princely visit.

"Pshaw," snifled I in a superior tone; "what was the little scuffle in the Senate compared with the scuffle that went on at the White House over the tablecloth that was to adorn the table at the Prince's dinner! Why, the whole domestic staff of the White House was called in to make that cloth lie down."

"What was the matter? Was the spirit of the American loom up in arms against the German occasion? or didn't it fit?" queried Senator P——.

"Fit!" echoed I. "How could it? The table was crescent in shape, the cloth straight; so it rippled rebelliously and was taken up in tucks in the most serious places, which were hidden by the flowers. Everybody inspected the table, from the corps of newspaper correspondents down to Archie and Kermet, who, together with the Steward's little boy, took turns in holding each other up to get a view of the decorations."

"Oh, well," said Robert dryly, "no doubt Von Holleben's dinner-cloth behaved itself, and was a dream of beauty when he gave his dinner to the Prince?"

"From all accounts," laughed I, "even the German Embassy dinner was not without its incidents. Every smart woman in town, including a certain Spruce City Senator's wife, was in that state of 'never were, but always to be, blessed' with an invitation to the German Embassy. The day that the cards for the dinner were sent out found every woman, with aspirations, at home, but——"

I began to laugh. The Senator said, "Well?"

"Well, it was a case where many were called but few were chosen. At that dinner the Adjutant-General of the Army and one of the Cabinet men elected to be a half-hour late in arriving, and the Prince was kept standing all that time. Of course, as the Prince stood up all the guests had to stand, too. And an official woman confided to me that she had been foolish enough at dinner to take, during dessert, a queer gummy German sweetmeat that stuck to her fingers like a burr. She did not dare to eat it, so she waited to dispose of it when the finger-bowls should be brought round, but there were no finger-bowls used, and her plight was sad."

"The idea of all those people standing up because a sprig of royalty does so," growled Robert.

"Oh, but," said I, "you must not forget that we have to stand in the presence of our Chief Executive and in the presence of the first lady in the land, too. And no one must leave any social gathering while the President remains. These are old customs that go back to our first President, for there never was a greater stickler for form and etiquette than the Father of our Country. He advised John Adams, when the latter succeeded to the Presidency, to copy the manners of foreign Courts, and suggested the propriety of not remaining with guests at table. I don't know of any one who, nowadays, would have the temerity to sit down if the President were standing, unless it is the charming old-lady relative of the Chief Executive, who is quoted. Some of her children jokingly told her that when she went to visit the White House she would have to stand in the presence of the President of the United States. She shook her head and her eyes sparkled as she said:

"'I stand in the presence of Theodore? Well, I guess not.'"

"That reminds me," said Robert to Senator P——: "have you been up to the White House during one of the executive toilets, yet?"

"No," said the Senator; and we both of us looked at Robert expectantly.

"Well," said he, "I've just caught on to a new wrinkle. I found out that the President is shaved every day about two o'clock, and he receives visitors while the White House barber wields brush and razor. Of course not anybody or everybody is admitted, but he receives pressing callers at that hour, and for convenience and to expedite public business he is shaved in the Cabinet-room, and men interview him during the ordeal when they have been crowded out of the morning hours. You see," said Robert earnestly, "it has one supreme advantage for the visitor, and is the reason why so many are striving to see him during this particular hour—it permits the visitor to do the bulk of the talking, and it would be a dull man indeed who did not get in the fine points of his case while the executive barber plays over the executive chin."

The Senator chuckled. Robert went on:

"The other day when I was there a certain man was joking the President, and compared these audiences with similar ones that Louis XIV used to hold in France. He said:

"'You know, Mr. President, that one of Louis XIV's courtiers told him that he was the only man living who appeared to advantage when in the hands of the court barber. Now, I——'

MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT

"The President put up his hand deprecatingly and said with a laugh:

"'What you would say is obvious.'

"There was one important man there that day who was trying to argue with the President against his order to the Attorney-General concerning this merger business. He did not seem to make much headway; no one does when the President has taken a stand. The important man said finally, with considerable feeling:

"'Mr. President, your decision seems to some of us to be like that of a man going gunning in the yard for a pestiferous sparrow, and shooting his neighbor's cow.'"

This tickled the Senator, who has a decided leaning toward everything in the shape of trusts and financial combinations, but I had no idea of listening to a discussion of this topic, so I mentioned the little unpleasantness in the Senate, which immediately started both men off. Robert said:

"The House has been having no end of fun at our expense. Dayton, of West Virginia, said that the House and Senate had swapped places, that Donn Piatt used to call the Senate 'the intellectual fog-bank' and the House 'the bear garden,' but that now we were clearly entitled to be called 'the bear garden.' And Lacey, of Iowa, said that as we seemed to have no particular rules at our end of the Capitol he thought he'd send us over the Queensberry rules, framed and ready to hang up. And another would-be funny man said that if we would insist on keeping wild animals we must expect to pay for the glasses they smashed, and——"

"Oh," said Senator P—— grimly, "it is proverbial that the onlooker does all the moralizing."

"Yes," broke in Robert, carrying the war into my camp, "and did not the president of one of the biggest of *your* organizations the other day, while presiding, order a party of wrangling delegates to go 'way back and sit down'?"

"Y-e-s," I admitted.

"And," remorselessly proceeded the Senator from Spruce City, "did not your Chaplain-General offer prayer before a vast concourse here, and when she came to the solemn words, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is,' wasn't she interrupted by a delegate from Illinois who audibly supplemented the words 'as it is done in the State of Illinois,' and was not the rest of that prayer drowned in a chorus of laughs?"

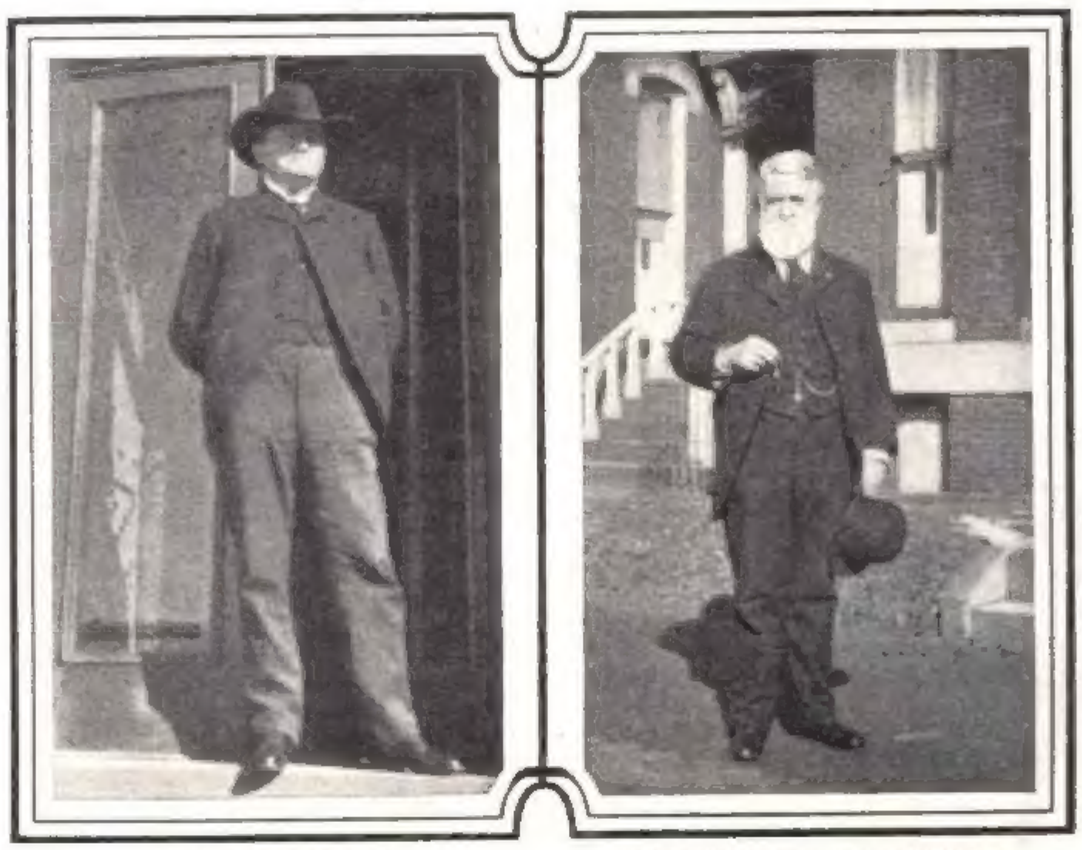
"Yes, oh, yes," I said meekly; "it was all so. Something was surely pouring down mischief upon us, as well as upon you up in the Senate, but then"—and I roused up to something like triumph—"we have never as yet had a scrimmage!"

"No," laughed Senator P——, "you haven't yet reached that stage, but your organizations are very initiative and progressive, and you must bear in mind that 'many a man's tongue shakes out its master's undoing,' and you may have feminine Tillmans in your midst—who knows?"

"Who, indeed!" I said reflectively; then I harked back to recent Senatorial happenings. "I wonder if you men know how you really look and sound to the average onlooker in the gallery? Surely your ability has been vastly overrated."

"Oh, come now, Agatha," put in Robert, ever on the defensive.

"Well," said I, thinking it over, "whenever you have a fifteen-minute debate on a bill, as on the Philippine bill the other day, scarcely one of you makes a convincing argument. You make only average stump speeches, and that is the truth. You know what Demosthenes said was the supreme test of a wise or a foolish man—speech; just as a vessel is known by the sound whether it is cracked or not. Well, you did not debate the question that day; you simply divided on party lines and took the party password between your teeth and rushed at each other head on, and of the fifteen allotted minutes not one among you failed to waste five minutes in senseless repetitions and appeals to 'Mr. President.' Senator Lodge used his fifteen minutes to tell us that the Filipino was pacified in thirty-four provinces, and was living in a glorified and beatific state of gratitude for the blessings of American school-teachers and American taxation. And Senator Berry used his fifteen minutes to show us a country entirely devastated, pillaged, burned, ruined; not a hut standing, not a native left anywhere with either crumb or rag to sustain or cover him, but wandering desolate and fugitive, bemoaning the lost and gone plenty of Spanish rule. We were to take our choice of these pictures. And while half the Senate did the talking the other half of you tramped restlessly back and forth, through the swing doors, up and down over the spotted green carpet. Some of you never paused a moment. I don't believe that Senator Kean *ever* sits down, or Senator Spooner either. And the whispering that goes on continually among you sounds in the gallery as though a valve were loose somewhere in a steam boiler! As for Mr. Tillman that day, he wandered around very much as Zacharias must have done after his fateful words had condemned him to weeks of silence, and it was one of the sights to see grave and reverend Senators tiptoe across the aisle whenever Mr. Tillman was away from base, to inspect the bunch of red flowers and the attached card which some condoning friend had placed on his desk. The only absolutely still man in the chamber was Senator McLaurin——"



SENATOR TILLMAN

REPRESENTATIVE GROSVENOR

"That reminds me," broke in Robert, "that Patterson, of Pennsylvania, over in the House, was talking about our two quarreling South Carolinians and he said:

"'They recall to me two of our Pennsylvania men in our legislature who were always quarreling and scrapping and making noisy speeches back and forth all about nothing. We always expected to see them come to blows, for each charged the other with every crime in the calendar, until one day when a particularly exciting matter came up in the legislature we were amazed to notice a complete change in these two men. Their manner to each other was that of cooing doves. Some one on the floor remarked upon the change of heart, when one of them rose and said:

"'"Gentlemen, my colleague and I have discovered that we were born on the same day and this happens to be the anniversary of that day. We have simply suspended hostilities until sundown."'

"'A quick-witted man sprang up and said:

"'"This legislative chamber extends its congratulation to you, gentlemen, and would suggest by way of comment that your natal day must have been an all-fired windy one."'"

This amused Senator P—— and then Robert continued to speak of members of the House. "Did you hear Eddy of Minnesota's retort the other day when the Oleo bill was up? You know that Eddy is an angular man with a strong, rugged face which a n

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, PRINCE HENRY AND THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR

fellow says is always a man's letter of credit. Well, Eddy has a nimble tongue and he got launched on the theme of oleomargarine and was having great fun over it. 'Do we care for yellow bread or yellow potatoes?' he thundered. 'Do we care for anything in food that is bright yellow except Johnny-cake and mustard? And do we pay more for a yellow dog than for a dog of any other color? And——'

"Here he was interrupted by a member muttering audibly something about having heard the gentleman from Minnesota talk two different ways, and he caught the words 'double-faced.' Eddy wheeled around on him and asked with a mock tragedy air:

"'Did I hear myself accused of a double-face? Does the gentleman suppose for a minute that if I were possessed of two faces, as he insinuates, I would not lay this one away in my bureau drawer and wear the other?'

"It brought down the House," laughed Robert.

"Yes," said I, "it was funny, but it is not my idea of oratory. It matched the speech of Mr. Selby, of Illinois, who said:

"'I am a friend of the cow. I am a friend of the woman who milks the cow. I am a friend to the man who stands by and sees the woman milk the cow. I love to see the busy housewife wallop the butter into shapely rolls. I love to see the butter come and then to make it fly.'

"Pshaw!" I wound up in disdain.

"Why, don't you know," said Senator P——, still smiling over the cow, "that ridicule is a pretty sure test of truth?"

"Oh, yes, I know all that, and I also know that Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry out of existence. But I have been taking notes lately upon you law-makers and I have discovered that your idea of force is expressed in gymnastics, and that your strongest weapon of defense is invective. Mr. Cannon (Uncle Joe, as you call him) almost always delivers a speech with his fists doubled up and lifted high above his head. And Mr. Grosvenor shakes his finger at his fellow-members or even at the Chair as though they were all naughty boys, and Mr. Burgess puts one hand in his bosom and lifts the other as though invoking High Heaven."

"In fact," said Senator P—— quizzically, "you agree with old Adam Smith that man is only distinguished from other animals because he cooks his victuals and makes bargains?"

"Yes, that is about it," I agreed.

"I think," said Robert, "that from all accounts the new Secretary of the Treasury is rather up against it."

"How so?" asked the Senator.

"Oh, Robert means," I interrupted, "that because we women have sent in a protest concerning the treatment we receive at the hands of Customs officials the Secretary should be commiserated. But you need not worry about Mr. Shaw. He has taken on already the true Cabinet officer's attitude, whose precept invariably is: 'My department, always right, but, right or wrong, my department!'"

"Oh, I was only thinking," said Robert, "of all the *last words* you women will get in, and as hundreds of you have signed the protest my sympathy went out to the new Secretary. The chief clerk of one of the divisions told me the other day that Shaw was taking stock already of the Treasury personnel and had called for a list of clerks and their rating, and the chief clerk said he had had a time of it. One young woman with a high record thought she scented a possible raise of salary, and asked the chief clerk to recommend her for $1200 because she was doing more work than a certain man clerk next to her who was getting $1200.

"'But,' said the chief clerk, 'he understands German and French, and you do not.'

"'Very true,' said the young woman with fine logic, 'but we do not use either German or French in this division. Now, I understand cross-stitch embroidery and sewing on buttons, but we don't happen to darn, stitch or sew on buttons in this division—hence——'"

"Did she get her promotion?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Robert. "The chief clerk said that another employee was found to be down on the rolls with a rating of ninety-eight per cent. This seemed so extraordinary for a man who was in the class of laborer, and would be so likely to be spotted at once when it came under the Secretary's eye, that the chief clerk called for an explanation from the man's immediate superior. He replied when called on:

"'We've rated him thus because he's the best man we've ever had in that line.'

"'But,' remonstrated the chief clerk, 'he's rated higher than many clerks.'

"'Oh, yes, I know all that, too,' said the superior with vigor, 'but I want to say for the man that, though he may not be able to write an essay like Emerson, he's the very old Harry on brooms and cuspidors.'"

The Luck of the Horseshoe

By General Charles King

"PERMIT ME TO RESTORE MISSING PROPERTY"

THE Limited had stopped just long enough to change engines. Mr. Warren, the occupant of Compartment 3, had stepped out to stretch his legs and was interested to see a very pretty girl board his car, followed by a youth burdened with a military overcoat and her hand luggage. Mr. Warren's legs were long and the stop was short. In three minutes more the train was whistling through the suburbs and speeding away into the night. The mountains were just ahead, and so was the dining-car. Warren stepped therein one moment, found every table occupied and decided to wait for the pretty girl. Most of his fellow-passengers of the palatial Sublima were gone, presumably to dinner, when he strolled back to his seat. Two—three compartments that had been inhabited as he went out were now vacant as he came in, but his own, that was vacant when he left it, was now inhabited. The door was closed, yet not until just as he neared it—closed obviously at the moment of, and possibly because of, his coming. He caught a glimpse of a slender, daintily gloved hand—the hand of a girl. What on earth was it doing there?

To be insured against error he glanced up at the number on the glistening little plate above the door. Three, beyond all shadow of doubt. He ventured to turn the knob, but the door was bolted within. Then he sought the porter, who, for his part, had sought a friend in the Alberta, just ahead; and the porter was puzzled.

"I ain't put any lady in there, sir," said he. "The young lady that just got aboard at 'Toona she belongs in the last compartment. But I'll go and see, if you like, sir."

They went together and Number 3's door was wide open. Number 3 was empty. Everything was as he left it, yet he could have sworn to the facts above stated. Then he sauntered back to steal a peep, if possible, at the hand of the young lady who belonged in the other compartment, and got it, despite the fact that its door seemed closed as he neared it. This time it opened—opened obviously at the moment of, and possibly because of, his coming, and a slender, daintily gloved hand, the hand of a girl, beckoned to him, and a silvery voice said: "Ned, come here, quick!" And Ned being his name and action his nature he obeyed and entered, and found a pretty form, back toward him now, bending over a handbag.

"Where on earth," said the silvery voice, "did you put my portemonnaie?" And all manner of trifles, except the purse, came flying out upon the seat.

"Nowhere, if I may hazard the statement," said Mr. Warren, with placid courtesy, yet with certain assurance, if not reassurance, in his tone. Instantly, and anything but placidly, the lady whirled about and a pair of the biggest, bluest eyes in Pennsylvania stared at him astonished.

"I—I beg pardon," said she; "I—I called Ned."

"I beg your pardon," said he; "that's why I came. *I'm* called Ned."

"I—mean my brother," she began, with returning composure and dignity.

"And I'm mean enough to rejoice that, though Ned, I'm not brother," said he with a symptom of an unrequited smile. "But you have lost your purse—and Ned. Let me help you find them; Ned first in relative order of importance. Porter, where's the gentleman who came with this lady?"

"Got right off again, sir; said he forgot something. I *told* him he hadn't time."

"Why, the gateman said there was plenty," cried the damsel in deep distress. "It was only a—g—friend he wanted to see—just a minute."

"He may have caught the rear car," said the porter sympathetically. "I'll run back and find out."

"If he hasn't we'll get a wire from him somewhere, and meantime please don't worry. I can't replace him," said Warren, "but, permit me, I can the purse."

"But my tickets, baggage checks, *everything*, were in it, and it's gone!" cried the lady, tears starting to the beautiful eyes; "all because that stupid boy *would* run back to speak to a girl."

"They do make a lot of trouble," said Mr. Warren reflectively; "yet we must have them;" and Mr. Warren's sensitive lips were twitching under his sweeping mustache. He was getting too much fun out of the situation to suit her.

"Boys, you mean?" said she.

"Girls, I meant," said he, a quizzical smile beginning to dawn upon his face, a smile that instantly vanished at sight of the vexation in hers. "Forgive me. I am almost old enough to be your father," said he. (He had just turned thirty-six.) "The porter will find your brother; if not, the next train will, and meantime remember that you are neither purseless nor Nedless."

The Limited was squirming up the Alleghenies now, two monster engines panting in the lead. The Sublima was careening a bit to the right as they rounded a sharp curve and the slender hand instinctively reached for something. Warren tendered an arm in support.

"These curves are sharp and sudden and numerous," said he. "We are coming to the Horseshoe. It will bring you luck—Horseshoes always do, you know."

"Only—if you pick them up on the road," said she.

"Well, didn't you pick me?—no—I—— Oh, here's the porter. Well, porter?"

"Gentl'm'n didn't get aboahd, sir. Waiter on dining-car said he saw somebody make a run just as we pulled out, but he was 'way behind. S'cuse me. This is Miss Brinton, isn't it?"

"Yes," answered Blue Eyes hopefully.

"Yeas-sum. Conductor got a wire saying compartment was held for you—everything else was taken. The Lieutenant has upper 1—best we could do for him."

"Is the missing Edward an officer as well as otherwise in bonds?" queried Mr. Warren sympathetically.

"He's only just beginning," pouted Miss Brinton, "and going West to his first station, and was to leave me at Chicago, but he's—left already—and so am I."

Schoolgirl slang is unaccountably pardonable when it falls from pretty lips. The gentleman old enough to be her father wished he might hear more.

"We have sorrows in common," said he whimsically. "I, too, have a West Point brother-in-arms. 'Brother at once and son.' Mine's infantry in every sense of the word. And yours?"

"'Tillery," promptly replied Miss Brinton with proper pride in the superiority of her corps colors and total suppression of the first syllable. "What is your brother's name? Perhaps I've met him."

"Warren, 'F. F.' which, I'm told, means at the Point 'Four files from Foot'—otherwise he's known as Toots."

"Tootsie Warren!" cried Miss Brinton delightedly. "Why, I know him—well. You don't mean he's your brother?"

"I plead guilty," said the man of thirty-six. "And no one mourns it more than I—except Toots. He loves me as he might a stepfather. Tell me, Miss Brinton, is Toots ever going to amount to anything?"

"Toots? Oh, why, Toots *dances* well, and draws—nicely."

"Draws," said Mr. Warren reflectively. "Yes, he draws remarkably. He drew for five hundred on the eve of sailing for Manila, one week's expenses in San Francisco, and I fancy he must dance fairly well if he pays the fiddler at that rate. What I like about Toots is that he absolutely can't lie. That trait would ruin him—in my business."

"Politics?" guessed Miss Brinton, in flattering interest.

"Pork!" answered Warren sententiously. "And that reminds me. May I be pardoned for a suggestion? We'll soon hear from the Lieutenant. Meantime you ought to be hungry. I, at least, am hungry as a bear. Now I'll be Ned, you be Toots, and the waiter shall bless our compact before we lose the Horseshoe."

She hesitated; looked down; then up into his smiling eyes; and presently they went. Ten minutes later at a little tête-à-tête table he was making her forget her worriment in telling about Toots and Ned and Ned's Altoona sweetheart. Ned had met his sweetheart at the Point, it seems—had been corresponding with her ever since—had coaxed his sister to stop over with him just one day on their westward journey that she might see his charmer and satisfy papa—mother they now had none—and papa was to meet them at Chicago. What would he say to Ned? When could a telegram reach her? Warren equivocated with the ease of one long bred to the Board of Trade. He knew they made no stop until they rolled into Pittsburg at nine o'clock, and with shameless tongue he told her the "Very next station," rightly reasoning that almost any answer would do until after dinner.

Then their running restaurant leaned to the left, and glancing out he saw unfolding in their curving wake the arc of twinkling lights across some deep, black gorge, and then the white, gleaming electrics of a passenger train gliding down the opposite mountainside, almost parallel with their present course. "It's the Horseshoe Curve," said he. "Look out and see it, and let us wish Ned and his Nanette real horseshoe luck."

"And Toots, too!" she said, beaming up into his genial, animated face. "Oh, what should I have done if I hadn't taken you for Ned! I mean——"

"Never mind!" laughed Warren delightedly. "You've taken me for Ned—which I am. May you never wish me anything—less."

Then, as the conductor came through, Warren had brief conference with that official, assuming charge in the event of no telegraphic instructions from "The Road" inspired by the belated Ned, and finally they went back to the Sublima a little while before the Limited brought up standing at Pittsburg; and never had there been in his life a shorter evening. Then and there the telegraph messenger came aboard with dispatches, and, as Warren prophesied, there was one from Brother Ned:

> Go right ahead. Father will meet you. Coming next train. Conductor instructed by wire.

"Go right ahead! The idea! How can I—without money for—anything? That stupid boy's so desperately in love he's just glad to be left with Nanette another day—and my purse in his pocket all the time!"

"Sure about that?" queried Warren, who had sisters of his own.

"Sure? Of course I am. I meant to put it in my bag, but Ned never thought to hand it back."

"And you're sure you never had it? You've looked—pardon me—in the other compartments?"

"Why—this is the only one I've been in!"

"Then you weren't for a moment—in Number 3?"

"I? Not a bit of it. I ran out in the vestibule to get a peep at Ned and Nanette. Why do you ask?"

"H'm," said Warren reflectively, thinking of the dainty hand at the door. "I probably imagined it."

Now, either Master Ned meant to get left or this little woman is egregiously mistaken, mused Warren later. The compartment had been made ready for the young lady's occupancy for the night, and Warren, after begging permission to take her to breakfast in the morning, had discreetly wished her pleasant dreams and wandered off to his own premises. Altoona officials had verified Lieutenant Ned's tickets and wired the necessary instructions. That being settled, Warren had curled himself in a corner of Number 3 and given himself up to thought. There was something odd about this matter that he could not fathom. There were, to be sure, other feminines aboard. There was a very stylish woman of uncertain years, slender and presentable, in Number 5, for instance. She had come in to dinner with her husband, a man turned fifty, but they kept to themselves. Their compartment was closed when he and Miss Brinton returned from dinner, and as he thought it all over something possessed him to look out into the corridor. Compartment 5 was closed now, yet a tall man in traveling suit was gently trying the door. At sight of Warren he calmly sauntered away.

The Ohio was left behind. The Limited was breasting the grades across the Beaver. The porter came round to know if Mr. Warren would have his berth made down (or up). Warren said "Presently," opened his bag for a book, and caught sight of something stuffed into the crevice between the back and the seat—a lady's portemonnaie. It was of sealskin, soft and fine, edged and bound with silver and embellished with the letters L. V. B.—Laura V. Brinton beyond a doubt!

And yet she had declared she had set foot in no compartment but her own. The little—prevaricator!

"I'll give it to her after breakfast when nobody's looking," said he. He hated, somehow, to think how confused she would be, even though he need not tell her where he found it.

They were in Chicago, with breakfast over, though still half an hour from the station, before opportunity served. He had been awake since dawn—a vexed spirit. As the Limited climbed and pierced and then coasted down the Alleghenies through the early hours of the December night just gone by, and he had sat there in the warm, well-lighted, cozy dining-car, with fresh flowers overhanging the dainty crystal and china and snow-white napery—with that fresh, fair, smiling face beaming so trustfully up into his—a dream so long forbidden that, through force of habit, it had well-nigh ceased to live, now stole over his spirit and would not sleep again. Stern slave of the lamp that he had been, he had shut out every thought of love and home life of his own, but that face, that merry laugh, that sweet, low, musical voice had spurred his dormant nature to instant and vehement life. He so loved what was gentle, refined, beautiful in woman. He so craved a heartmate—a home—of his own. He so rejoiced in everything she did and looked and said—everything except just one—just one. He who had so whimsically spoken of Toots' blunt propensity for truth as being disastrous to trade was yet a man to whom a lie was a thing abhorrent. And she had willfully, unnecessarily declared she had never entered his compartment. Yet, had he not seen? Did he not know? Was not here, in her portemonnaie, the proof?

He could not bear to give it to her until the last moment. He could not bear to see in that lovely, innocent face the blush of shame, or worse, the stony insolence of renewed denial that must follow his restoration of the portemonnaie. She must know where he had found it! At Archer Avenue, where they had stopped a minute, a gray-haired, distinguished-looking stranger boarded the train, and to his arms she flew delightedly; then with beaming eyes she presented Mr. Warren.

"I am under a thousand obligations," began Mr. Brinton. "I have had an anxious night since the coming of Ned's message," he began.

"Oh, papa, Mr. Warren can fully sympathize with you. He's Toots Warren's brother. You remember Toots last summer at the Point—Ned's classmate? And you must settle with Mr. Warren, please—Ned ran off with my purse, and you must tip the porter and you must ask Mr. Warren to dinner."

And then Warren saw the way to restoring that purse without giving it to her. Just before they parted at the Canal Street Station and while Miss Brinton was being placed in the waiting carriage with her array of hand luggage—hers and Ned's—Warren slipped the purse into the paternal hand. "Pray, give it," said he, "after you get home. Miss Brinton thinks your son has it." And then Brinton *père* was hurried in and the carriage off to make room for others. There was just time for a word:

"The Horseshoe brought me the best of luck," cried the sweet, clear voice, as a beaming, winsome, beautiful face peered back at him, nodding, smiling, tormenting, when the carriage whirled away. And then Warren turned to his cab, too full of that face to note the next party, boarding another carriage—a very stylishly dressed—indeed overdressed—woman whose face was closely veiled, a rubicund man of fifty odd, and a tall citizen in heavy ulster close following. It was that other face, only that face that Warren took away to his busy office, and that peered between him and the pages of his letters and ledgers all that day and the next. "I shall see it again," said he, "at dinner."

But the week went out without the invitation. The Brintons, who remained three days at the Annex, left without a sign.

"She thought better of that dinner and worse of me," said Warren to himself, "when she discovered I had found her purse and her fib at the same time." And so, wounded, he had gone back to his work.

When next Mr. Edmund Warren saw the Horseshoe he was again eastward bound, and he looked with gloomy eyes. For once the grandeur of the scene had lost its charm. It was some months later, and, though never once had he seen or heard from Miss Brinton, never yet had her face been forgotten. This radiant, sunshiny morning, as he looked out over the glorious vista of mountain and valley, he was thinking sorely of that evening ride on the Limited—of all the gladness that seemed compressed into four blithe hours, only to be blotted out. Then the porter sauntered over for a word.

"'Member that last time you went West with us, Mr. Warren—night the young lady's brudder got lef' at 'Toona? My, but that old gent'l'm'n was hot 'bout her pocketbook, sir."

"How so?" asked Warren in sudden interest.

"All the money was gone when she got it back—over a hundred dollars. Oh, I *told* 'em *you* were all right—'t'want you, though you didn't tell me you'd found it. It might have gone hard, sir, with some of us tho', for the company just ransacked everybody t'well they found out them crooks."

"What crooks?"

"Lady and gent'l'm'n, sir—had Number 5. They was wanted in Chicago and detective come along with 'em all the way from New York, and they never 'spected nothing till they got off the train. They had money to burn."

"And they had robbed Miss Brinton?"

"Yes, sir," chuckled the African. "But Mr.—Mr. Brinton first off said 'twas you. You must have had the purse all night."

Little by little, between the conductor and the porter, he dragged forth the whole story. Brinton, senior, had forgotten the purse until Lieutenant Ned arrived on Number 21 at three in the afternoon. Within an hour thereafter the old gentleman appeared at the station, full of wrath, to declare his daughter had been robbed on the Sublima. There was time for only brief investigation before the Limited started out on the evening run back to New York. Both conductor and porter had stoutly declared their confidence in Mr. Warren's integrity, but Brinton was unconvinced. At the end of the week, when they again reached Chicago, the rest of the story came out. Three days after the loss the company were "after" the couple shadowed by the tall detective; also the shadower, who had come aboard only just as the Limited left Jersey City on the morning of her start. Then the police admitted that two noted criminals had been captured at a North Side residence an hour after

"IT'S THE HORSESHOE CURVE," SAID HE, "AND LET US WISH NED AND HIS NANETTE REAL HORSESHOE LUCK"

their coming to Chicago, and then Papa Brinton's investigation came to an end. That was December. Now it was nearly April. And one day there came a missive from Brother Toots, at Manila.

Dear Old Ned: I gave all the news to mother, so see her letter. We go out on 'nother hike to-night, and I've only time for a word. Ned Brinton says his father wants to see you next time he gets to Chicago—wants to explain something—can't make out what. Ned won't tell, but it's something about some money you lent that awfully pretty sister of his when Ned got left. He's rabid to go home and marry that Altoona girl, and he can't ask for leave until this business is wound up. Ned says his sister says you were "just lovely" to her, and papa hadn't properly thanked you, and it was partly her fault, and—well, I can't make it all out, but Ned says she's written to him no less than three letters about it, and that's more thought than she bestows on any of us. Just send a line to the old chap, will you, and let him know where he can find you? When is that March interest coming? Yours, TOOTS.

Warren's cheek burned. "She thought me a thief!" he growled to himself; "and I thought her a fibber!" But the next day he was away from Chicago again, bound northward, and on a soft April evening set foot at Melton Station. He went, too, unannounced. He had not sent a line to the "old chap," as Toots suggested. It was the old chap's business to send a line to him if he had ever said he believed Warren had purloined his daughter's money.

When Miss Brinton had stepped out to the vestibule, leaving her satchel unguarded and unlocked, it was an easy matter for the enterprising woman occupant of Number 5 to seize the moment when almost everybody was out of the car, and then the purse; to dart into the vacant Number 3, little expecting Warren to return at once from the dining-car whither her male companion declared him to have gone. His sudden coming had well-nigh caught her, but she barred him out, rightly guessing he would go for the porter. Then she stuffed the stolen portemonnaie deep down in the crevice, and, richer by one hundred dollars or more, slipped back to her own seat, and was all demure innocence a moment later. But in that moment's work she had thrown suspicion on two honest souls.

No. Warren sent no warning of his coming. In fact, he was not seeking Brinton *père*. He longed to see that other face again, and believed he knew a way. Inquiry of a business associate had developed the fact that it was Miss Brinton's almost daily habit to drive in to the post-office for the evening mail, and he swung away at sturdy pace over the winding highroad in the direction of the Brinton homestead. It lay but a mile from the pretty town and on the borders of the great lake. His satchel he left at the station, his stick he swung in his hand. Look out for a phaeton with bay ponies! he told his eyes; but before he had put half a mile between himself and the station something glinted in the slanting sunbeams, and there at the edge of the roadway lay a shapely little horse's shoe. He stooped, picked it up, put it in his sack-coat pocket and faced about. That shoe had told its story. The pony team had already gone to town.

When, perhaps a dozen minutes later, he saw coming toward him over a rise in the road a stylish pair of miniature bays, his heart gave a leap and so did he—to the shelter of some roadside shrubbery. Peering from this coign of vantage he saw that the off-side pony was favoring his right hind foot, and that settled the matter. With the shoe uplifted in one hand, his Derby in the other, Mr. Warren stepped out into the highway; the fair charioteer threw her weight back on the reins; a small "tiger" sprang to the ponies' heads and took the bits under advisement. The lady, despite herself, blushed vividly with surprise and pleasure, but, "Why, Mr. Warren!" was all she said.

"Permit me to restore missing property," said he. "Not a portemonnaie this time, but a *porte-bonheur*."

The blush deepened. "Who told you?" said she.

"The pony," said he; "this one;" and replacing his Derby, he gave the little fellow a reassuring pat.

"I mean—about the portemonnaie."

"What about it?"

"You've heard—about its being—emptied before you had a chance——"

"I did have a chance. I had it all night," and Mr. Warren's lips were twitching provokingly, as his eyes feasted on her sweet, blushing face.

"I mean," said Miss Brinton, flicking the dust with her whip, "to return it, of course. Papa made—so much trouble. I was afraid you'd heard."

"I did hear—eventually. Ned and Toots——"

"Oh, those wretched boys! What will they say next?"

"They said I should sue papa for damages."

"Mr. Warren! You wouldn't!"

"Miss Brinton, I will. I've decided once and for all. I will bring suit—at once."

"Oh, Mr. Warren! It was all my fault, my carelessness—my stupidity. I'm awfully sorry. Can't I settle it in some way? I've wanted to say so ever so long."

"And I've wanted to have you. In fact, I still want to have you. Indeed, you're the only one who—can settle it!"

And then she looked up into his eyes, half startled, half joyous, and then—all seeing—the soft eyes fell again, and though his hands were trembling, he laid the little horseshoe in her lap and stepped quickly to her side.

. . . . . .

"You have not decided about the journey," he was saying, as he bent over that bonny, beautiful head one summer evening a few months later.

"There's only one point about it that I wish to decide," she answered smilingly. "It isn't where we go, it's the way we come—homeward. Almost any day we can come past the old mile-post here at home, but I want to come again—where I found my luck—by the Horseshoe Curve."

HUMOR ON THE STAGE

MISS LOUISE HOMER

MR. FRANCIS WILSON

MME. LILLIAN NORDICA

MR. ERNEST VAN DYCK

MME. EMMA EAMES STORY

The Tardy Tenor's Protestations

By Louise Homer

IT WAS almost my début appearance, and in a performance of Hamlet, when my little French maid expressed a great desire to see what an opera was like. She had been carefully reared, and all the world outside her own tiny sphere she looked upon as a fairyland in which everything marvelous happened as a matter of course. I was singing the part of the Queen that night, and after finding a safe place in the wings for her from which to view the performance I went on with my rôle of the evening.

Seated on the throne, the King put the crown on my head and we descended to lead the procession of lords and ladies in waiting and courtiers up the stairway at the back of the stage. Hamlet was just coming on for his scene with Ophelia when I heard a sound of hilarity in the house. Turning to look I was frozen by the sight. There came my maid at a respectful distance, which made her prominence the greater. Her eyes were cast down, her hands demurely folded, like a little Quakeress. She fancied the performance ended and was following me home by the route across the stage.

During a certain performance of Les Huguenots, at the moment in which the tenor should arrive for the duel scene he failed to come. The singers stood in petrified silence; the orchestra stopped. It seemed like five minutes, though it must have been less, when suddenly on he rushed, waving his sword and singing with an energy that made the sense of his first words all the more comical. "What!" he sang proudly. "Would you doubt my promptness?"

That was too much for the audience, whose laughter first rippled, then broke in waves. He tried to go on and we tried to go on, but in vain. The scene had simply to stop, and when finally it did begin again it was without a repetition of that fatal inquiry, "Would you doubt my promptness?"

The Treacherous Claw-Hammer

By Otis Skinner

ONE night, in playing Bassanio in The Merchant of Venice with Edwin Booth, the moment I stepped on the platform, which held the table with its three caskets, I felt the boards sway under my feet. The theatre, in a distant city, was none too well provided with scenic resources, and it needed no information to assure me that this particular bit of setting had been improvised, and all too hastily at that. There was barely room for me to stand on the platform. When I began to say my lines I felt it slipping to one side; then the table seemed to be trying to elude me. The next instant the caskets began to slide! The legs of the table were going! Of a sudden there was a grating sound, a crash, and table, caskets, platform and Bassanio fell in a heap, enveloped by the drapery covering! I have a dim recollection of Portia rushing forward to stop our wild course, and of trying to get my head out of the débris. When I emerged the curtain was down, there was a sound of hilarity from the house, and there was an excited scuffling to set things straight on the boards. When the curtain was presently rung up, it was on a Bassanio who refused to trust himself twice on the same platform in one evening.

My first appearance in comedy, after a long period of playing in the legitimate, was made at Daly's Theatre in a piece called 7-20-8. To do honor to the occasion I had a lot of handsome clothes made, and among them an evening suit. The cloth of this last was very thin and almost as fine as silk. Immediately on my entrance in a certain scene I had to remove my top coat. To my horror I found that both coats were coming off together. Hastily I tried one sleeve, then the other, but with the same result. There was a titter in the audience. Mr. Daly, always an awkward man in his attitudes, viewed the situation from the wings, and from the glimpse I caught of him he appeared to be tying himself in a series of knots.

The audience knew only too well from my endeavors that the coat was to be removed, and clearly there was no course left but to remove it. My attempts made the perspiration stand on my brow. From the stillness of the house I could feel that interest centred in the situation. In desperation I tried, first one way, then another. A final tug, and both coats came off together, and with the added disaster that the sleeves turned wrong side out. There I stood and with as much assumption of indifference as I could muster, as if that were the customary method of taking off one's things in a drawing-room. Catching the evening coat I wrenched it free, turned the sleeves, and put it on again, the audience hanging on the operation and giving me as hearty a round of applause, when I eventually succeeded, as I ever got in that or any other play.

Lohengrin's Strange Elsa

By Emma Eames Story

THE humorous side of things is constantly presented to those on the stage and, unfortunately, often in the most tragic moments. In singing with Tamagno in the opera of Othello, in the scene of the murder of Desdemona the apparent violence with which he catches the heroine, holds her above his head and flings her body upon the bed, is not a mere simulation, for, carried away by the passion of the portrayal, it is more often than not as realistic for Desdemona as it appears to the audience.

One night at Monte Carlo, while singing with him in Othello, he caught me up with a muscular violence which, with his powerful strength, he failed to realize, and flung me upon the couch with such force that the legs of the headboard collapsed and I fell forward, clinging to the bed with all my might. In his fright Tamagno forgot to sing and whispered: "Have I hurt you? Oh, have I hurt you?" The orchestra was playing ahead; his phrases were due. Still he pleaded: "Have I hurt you?"

By this time I had gained breath sufficiently to say: "Sing! Sing!"

The scene progressed, but he was completely unnerved. Still, this did not make him less violent in subsequent performances, and after his violence he was invariably as frightened as ever for fear I was injured.

The sudden indisposition of singers brings with it humorous situations, sometimes not seen in that light at the moment of their occurrence. In a certain Lohengrin performance in which Mr. Jean De Reszké was cast to sing the title rôle to my Elsa, when the knight arrived in his swan-drawn boat I beheld a tenor that I had never laid eyes on before—Mr. De Reszké was ill. Of course, the new tenor and I had not had a single rehearsal, and the stage business of the part was in consequence gone through with for the first time in public. After the scene in which Lohengrin embraces the heroine and sings, "Elsa, I love thee," the strange tenor, who happened to be Vignas, turned to the King, Mr. Edouard De Reszké, and said in an undertone and with charming courtesy, "Won't you introduce me to the lady?"

The humor of it all, after the tender love scene, was sufficient to upset an even graver situation.

The Lady with the Libretto

By Ernest Van Dyck

NOTHING funnier ever happened to me or made it more difficult to keep my equanimity than a certain occurrence at a German Court Theatre during a performance of Gounod's Faust. As for the people in the audience, perhaps, like myself, they have not got over it yet.

The earlier part of the presentation in Faust's study had gone smoothly. The moment came for Mephisto's appearance on the scene. In many German theatres it is the custom for him to come from below the stage through a trap. My final lines, giving the cue for his arrival, were sung, but no Mephisto appeared. Suddenly, from almost under my feet I heard the tragic tones of the basso who was to sing the part.

"The machine is broken! The machine is broken!" he called.

I stamped on the floor and echoed to the men in the wings: "The machine is broken! The machine is broken!"

Meanwhile the orchestra kept up a tremolo to distract attention. There was only one way to get him out and that was by pulling up the platform on which he stood. Three firemen marched bravely from the wings and caught the ropes holding it. "One, two, three," said the leader and all pulled at once, perspiration streaming as they tugged.

Up came Mephisto. As his aids retired he began to sing. But the words that followed were the ones that broke the last atom of restraint of the hilarity of the audience.

"Here am I! Why are you surprised?"

The funny situations during a performance, though, are not always necessarily on the stage. Once, in London, I went to hear a performance at Covent Garden of Verdi's Aida. One of the singers was ill and the bill was changed at the last moment to Les Huguenots. A very sedate lady who sat next me was evidently unaware of the fact. In her hand she held a libretto of Aida. Bravely she read the first act, the second act, the third act, and the fourth act of Aida while the other opera was being sung on the stage.

But presently trouble came. Aida has four acts, Les Huguenots five. When the fifth act came she was done with her book, but the singers were not done with the performance. When the curtain rose on the final act she looked severely at the stage, then at me, and calmly turning back the pages of her libretto read the fourth act over again.

I dedicate this to the people who fix their noses in their librettos instead of their attention on the stage.

Realism in the Provinces

By J. H. Stoddart

I REMEMBER my first tour outside of the city of Edinburgh.

My brother and I joined a company that intended touring the small towns in the north of Scotland. That was nearly sixty years ago, and I shall never forget the first day we started out on the north-bound coach to begin a real season of acting. In those days people did not know what the words "billboard" and "printing" meant, and frequently the manager of the theatre had no information of the company's proposed engagement. We would straggle into town, the manager of our company would hunt up the manager of the theatre, and, if satisfactory arrangements could be made, we played that night, but if, on the contrary, an engagement was impossible, we wandered on to the next town. When it had been arranged to play, the first duty of the manager was to announce the entertainment to the folk of the town. He would employ the town crier, who would walk through the place ringing a great bell, crying out: "Hamlet to-night! Prince's Theatre! Shilling a seat! Hamlet to-night!"

Shortly after we left Edinburgh we decided to play in a small town in the north of Scotland, and the manager concluded to present a now forgotten play, called The Tragedy of Douglas. The crier of this town had a voice and an enunciation which made it impossible for any one to understand what he was endeavoring to announce without asking an explanation of him. You can fancy the result, for when the curtain went up there were just five people in the house, and all these occupied front-row seats. The Tragedy of Douglas opened under most unfavorable conditions, aside from the small audience, for we had some trouble in securing our wardrobe and our meagre supply of properties. However, the curtain finally went up, and in the opening act came the first duel, when the leading man, taking the centre of the stage, unsheathes his sword, and in a loud voice cries out:

"Demon of death, come settle on me sturdy blade!"

Never shall I forget the tone of voice this actor used, nor the manner in which he glared at his small audience. Two

of the five grabbed their hats and made for the door. The tragedian, with a snort, took one step nearer the footlights, and, waving his weapon, continued the speech in this manner:

"And to the double slaughter guide it home."

Again he glared at the remaining three, and two more followed the example of flight, leaving one nervous little red-headed man sitting in the front row, and twirling his fingers in a manner which indicated anxious apprehension. The action continued for a couple of moments, and then the hero bounded down the stage to the footlights, pointed his sword at the little red-headed man, and shouted:

"The lover and the husband both must perish!"

This was too much for the rest of the audience, and taking its cap it made a wild rush for the door. As it reached the front of the house, the tragedian, with a graceful wave of the arm, and in a calm tone of voice, exclaimed:

"Good-evening, sir."

The Old Woman and the Trap-Door

By Lillian Nordica Döme

EARLY in my career I was singing at a little Italian theatre in a performance of Verdi's Il Trovatore. The tenor's voice was much better than his hair, but a flowing wig covered this shortcoming. At the opening of a passionate scene between Manrico and Leonora he rushed on the stage delivering his phrases. As he shot past the wings his wig caught on a nail and there it hung suspended. The bald head of the heroic Manrico glistened for an instant like porcelain under the stage-lights, then clapping his hands to his head he rushed back for his hair. There was a wrench and a tug, and the wig was loosened and clapped (but not very straight) on his head. On the nail one curl still lingered and listlessly floated until the curtain was rung down on the act.

One night at Novara I was singing Alice in Meyerbeer's Robert le Diable. A new little dancer was to make her début in the churchyard scene where the dead rise from their graves and dance. This new little dancer was very nervous, and she was afraid, too, of her sudden upward flight on the trap on which she was to be shot up to the stage.

Her mother, a little old woman wrapped in a black shawl and carrying a long loaf of bread, an umbrella, and a nice round gorgonzola cheese for their supper, stood beside her. Thinking to give her daughter a final bracing word of comfort in the last trying moment, the good soul said: "Who's afraid? Look at me!" and she boldly stepped on the platform of the trap. In that instant it shot upward and there before the astonished audience, ballet, singers and orchestra, stood a little old woman wrapped in a black shawl and carrying a long loaf of bread and a nice round cheese and an umbrella.

How Miss Neilson Raised the Dead

By James O'Neil

A FLASH of thought changes many a situation, and what might have proved a vexing *contretemps* is turned into a good point that subsequently finds itself in the "business" of the play. One case in mind is that of Miss Marie Wilkins, in a performance of The Two Orphans. In going up the stairs she accidentally dropped from her apron pocket a bottle that she was supposed to carry. Quick as thought she exclaimed, "Oh, me bottle!"

The audience grasped the humor of the situation, enjoying it immensely, and ever after that it was part of the business of the rôle.

In playing Romeo to the Juliet of Miss Neilson, at McVickar's Theatre, in Chicago, she would bend over in the death scene and give the audience the impression that she kissed me, though her lips met only empty air. One night, as the dying hero, I thought to better the situation by a practical joke which proved successful. I let my chin sink on my chest with a last breath, and she stooped over for the touching but unsatisfactory final salutation. In that moment I suddenly threw back my head so that any mere stage illusion was out of the question; I was too clearly in view of the audience for that; and Romeo had a kiss of the sterling variety. My ruse had succeeded to a charm. Down went the curtain and up sprang Miss Neilson. "How could you? How could you?" she cried.

"How could I what?" I asked in turn, as innocently as my training in simulation would allow. "How, how——" and she hesitated; "How could Romeo throw his head back after he was dead?"

"Miss Neilson," I answered, "your Juliet was the cause of it. It would make any one come back to life."

In the old days, when a certain Texas city was not exactly the charming place it is now, I was playing in Monte Cristo to a crowded house. All afternoon the cowboy of his type of the day had been coming into town for the performance. I could see him well in evidence in the front row of the balcony, his skin jacket shining and his pistols glistening in his belt. The arch-villain was facing his fate in the final act, and I spoke my lines, "Your time has come." Suddenly a cowboy stood up in the front rank in the balcony, drew his pistol, and drew a bead on the villain of the piece. "If you don't fix him," rang out his voice, "I will!"

There he stood ready to put the threat into execution.

"Kill me quick! Kill me quick!" cried my fellow-actor under his breath, trembling at the prospect of a more realistic end from the gentleman in the balcony. But the joke was too good a one for that. I prolonged the duel as much as possible, but presently the arch-villain took his first plausible opportunity to expire at my feet.

"That's right; served him right. If you hadn't done it, I would," came approvingly from the voice in the balcony.

But that circumstance lessened my chances to get any one to play the part later. Actors would come to me for an engagement in the villain's rôle and ask: "Are you going to play in Texas next year, Mr. O'Neil?"

"Yes."

"Thank you."

That would be the end of it, for each would say, "Good-day."

Barnabee's Hollow Baby

By Henry Clay Barnabee

IT IS an assured fact that we can be very calm over somebody else's trouble, but it appears quite a different affair when that trouble is our own. It was fully forty years ago that this particular incident, so humorously illustrating the point, happened, but it remains fresh in my mind to-day. The occasion was my annual concert in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, my native town. The hall was crowded, every seat being taken. It was before the day that a law prevailed against blocking the aisles, and finally boards were placed across them to accommodate my auditors. In consequence, to attempt to get out would have meant to disturb one or two hundred people. In the midst of a selection the fire bell rang and there was a cry of "Fire!" Every one knows what this means in a little town, and in an instant the people in the audience were on their feet. A panic would have meant a very serious thing. Frightened at the thought of it I had the presence of mind to step forward in that moment and say: "Ladies and gentlemen, just sit down and I'll slip to the door and tell you where the fire is."

A little man, Mr. X——, who had a large paint shop, was sitting in the front row. He jumped up and down excitedly crying out: "Why don't you sit down! Mr. Barnabee will tell you where the fire is! Sit down! Sit down!"

By that time I was back on the stage and announced: "It is Mr. X——'s paint shop."

In a flash he was walking over the people, stepping on heads, laps—anywhere to get out. It couldn't have taken him more than ten steps to reach the door, and he was a very short-legged man at that. It was not such a calm matter when the trouble was his own and not somebody else's.

Again, in La Mascotte, I had as the Duke to make a hurried exit and return immediately to the stage. As I went I caught against the scenery and heard a ripping, grating sound. Something was wrong, but there was no time to look. Back I came and the audience was convulsed. My jacket was rent in twain, and my first words were, "I have an idea."

"Take it to the costumer's," said Rocco, inventing some funny business on the spur of the moment.

"And have buttons put on it," I answered. And so we kept up our improvised conversation while Bettina stood in convulsions of merriment at one side of the stage.

Funny situations are always occurring; so frequently, indeed, that they escape one's memory unless some circumstance recalls them—and then, one circumstance brings to mind another. Patience I particularly enjoyed, for I am very fond of the rôle of Bunthorne, and in Patience it seemed that funny things were always happening. One night a baby in the gallery set up a frightful screaming, and just at that instant I had to say: "Hollow, hollow, hollow." Down to the front of the stage I went and said it, and it was some minutes before the audience would let us go on.

Two Races Against Time

By Suzanne Adams

THE very funniest thing that happened on the stage in my experience occurred at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, during the dress rehearsal of Lalo's Le Roi D'Ys. Our costumes had all arrived excepting those for the tenor, but of this omission I did not know at the moment. There was quite an audience in attendance, including critics and others, for the opera was to be given a first London presentation.

The most romantic episode in the performance had been reached, when, as Rozenn, the heroine, I was singing of the warlike valor of the hero, Mylo, and longing for his return from victorious battles. In that instant he appeared. Imagine the situation when there trotted down the stage a very short and very fat little man, the new tenor, wearing red kid gloves, a black Tuxedo, light trousers, a silk hat, and carrying a cane. My voice seemed to get away from me and ran up a scale with a hysterical laugh at the end of it. The audience seemed to feel much the same, and for a while we had to stop the performance.

The racing against time to make a performance is full of anxiety, but humor is generally there as well. Two such experiences have been mine; once in making a performance of Les Huguenots, at Philadelphia, and last autumn in racing across the ocean to sing in the Worcester festival.

On the day of the Philadelphia occasion I had just said to my husband: "Now we shall have a nice, quiet day—nothing to do." It was five minutes past twelve when a messenger from the opera rushed in to say that the sudden illness of Madame Nordica had changed the cast of Les Huguenots, and that I must reach Philadelphia in time to save the matinée by singing the Queen. My maid was out. I threw the costumes of the part and the music into a box, and in seven minutes was in a carriage, caught the twelve-thirty-five train, and was on the stage in Philadelphia at three-thirty.

On the Worcester occasion I got a telegram in London from America in the morning, and sailed from Liverpool that same day. Storms brought delay, and I watched the daily sailing report as though I had a fortune staked on it. We arrived in New York at ten o'clock in the morning, a day late for the first concert, but a telegram asked that I arrive at Worcester for the one of that evening. I got there at a quarter to five, and rehearsed at five.

Angeline's Arnica Bottle

By Francis Wilson

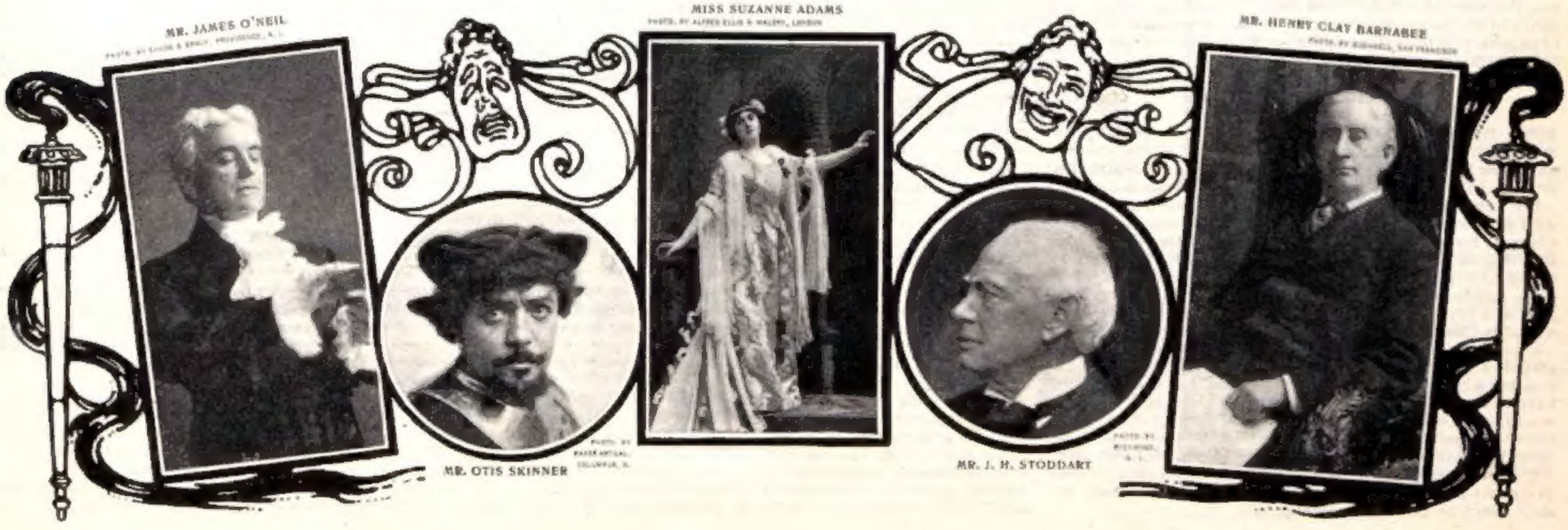
THINGS oftentimes funny in the happening cease to be funny in the narrative.

Perhaps this is so of what follows. Once, in Chicago, I was doing an intricate dance with Miss Glaser; I slipped and was about to fall when she tried to aid me. We both went down together. There was no mistaking the fact that it was an accident. The audience laughed and applauded. As the lady was about to make her exit I said: "Angeline, you'll find the arnica bottle just back of the stove!"

In a Wisconsin town, one evening, the electric lights went out just as we had reached the interesting point in the first act.

That audience had been left in the dark before, I fancy, for it sat perfectly quiet, in most respectful silence. Second after second passed and still no light. Finally some one in the back of the theatre struck a match and lit a solitary gas-jet. Some one on the right and left did the same, and it was just possible to see the figures in dim outline on the stage. We decided to go on with the performance.

Miss Lawton came on to make an announcement.

"You foolish virgin!" I exclaimed; "why didn't you bring your candle!" As I think of it now it doesn't seem a brilliant thing to have said, but it was not *malapropos* and the audience thought it very humorous.

Great Generals of the Last Generation

Some Personal Reminiscences—By Thomas B. Bryan

IN TIMES like the present (as in those which followed the War of the Rebellion), when military heroes of genuine distinction are almost as easily met with as are writers and painters, it is quite impossible to realize the peculiar interest which attached to the person of a great General in the days preceding our Civil War. Almost might it be said that the United States then had only one such, the sturdy old hero of three wars, General Winfield Scott. Not only was he Commander-in-Chief of our armies, but his military eminence was almost of a solitary kind.

No other General approached him in reputation, whether in picturesqueness or in any of the elements calculated to stir the hearts of the people.

Never shall I forget the first time I saw General Scott and the part I played in his reception. Often have I found myself in ungraceful positions, but never, I think, have I cut such an absurd figure as that which I was called upon to assume in the entertainment of General Scott on the occasion of our first meeting at the home of my father-in-law, the Rev. Charles H. Page, then a chaplain in the United States Army and stationed at Newport Barracks, Kentucky. Often had I looked upon the almost giant form of the chaplain, and thought what an imposing figure he would make as a General. His height was six feet three and one-half inches, and his development was symmetrical and muscular. But when I looked upon the grizzled old General I saw that he overtopped even the towering chaplain of the barracks. His shaggy, overhanging brows, deep-set gleaming eyes and prodigious frame made the General's figure peculiarly pathetic under the blight of age which had already fallen upon him. He brought to mind Hugo's description of Ursus: "He was not tall; he was long. The bowed-down figure of the old man—this is the decadence of life!"

Weighted Down Between Two Giants

After breakfast came the incident which left on me an abiding impression, as unwelcome as it was permanent.

"Now," announced General Scott, "I am ready to go down to the barracks."

"I will call the carriage, General," was my reply; but he instantly checked me with the words:

"No; I will walk. Young man, will you have the goodness to lend me the assistance of your arm?"

There was no escape from such a mandatory request as this, and I at once took my position at his right side—wondering how this giant was to get any practical support from the arm of a man who had never been able to stretch himself to a height of more than five and a half feet. But the old warrior speedily solved this problem for me by gripping my shoulder with the hand that had held his sword on many a battlefield. No sooner had I undertaken my office as a crutch to the greatest American military hero of the day than I became conscious of another towering figure on my right—that of the old chaplain. Between the two I realized my physical limitations as never before or since. Certainly I felt like a Lilliputian and wished myself anywhere but in the absurd position in which General Scott had placed me.

Before we reached the barracks the discomfort produced by a realization of the great disparity between the stature of my venerable companions and that of myself gave place to a keener physical sensation. The whole weight of the old warrior seemed to be centred in the hand which rested on my left shoulder, and this member could scarcely have given more pointed and painful testimony of his avoirdupois. Of all American Generals, I am persuaded that Winfield Scott was the heaviest by a hundred pounds!

One feature of that morning walk to the barracks in the capacity of a support to General Scott has survived along with the memory of its chagrin and discomforts. Impulsively pausing at a point where the view of the Ohio River, of Cincinnati and her surrounding hills, was especially impressive, the venerable hero stood like "a thinking ruin" and spoke of the future of the mighty West. There was a touch of prophecy in his voice and his words that stirred my young blood with a peculiar thrill.

Kossuth's Visit to America

Before the outbreak of the Civil War I had the privilege of meeting, in Cincinnati, another of the greatest military heroes and most romantic figures of the age—Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot and liberator.

My impression of the swarthy warrior comes back to me with twofold distinctness as I scan a letter, received after his return to his own land, which concluded with the wish that he should some time be able to welcome me "on the banks of the Danube." His was a figure which filled the eye to the complete satisfaction of every tradition connected with his brilliant and dashing career. He looked the patriot as perfectly as Rufus Choate looked the orator. He described himself as "a tempest-tossed soul whose eyes have been sharpened by affliction." There was an impressive melancholy about Kossuth which made him greater in defeat than another could have been in victory. And possibly the garment of triumph would have become him less than did the dark glory of heroic overthrow and disaster. Like Lincoln, he seemed to bear upon his melancholy heart the burden of his whole country. A glamour of romance hung about the man; and once to come in contact with him was enough to explain, for all time, the spell which he exerted over his people.

Immediately after his death I had a comical experience which taught me, as nothing else could, how great was the hold which Kossuth had upon the hearts of his fellow-countrymen, even though they had long been transplanted to American soil. The magic of his name proved far more potent and moving, under the peculiar circumstances, than I could have wished.

A Specimen of Hungarian Enthusiasm

When I received an invitation to speak at a memorial meeting held in honor of the dead patriot my mind was, of course, full of the impression which the great leader had made upon me as a young man. All the sensations and circumstances of that occasion came before me with great vividness as I made my way to the hall where a very large portion of the Hungarian people of Chicago had assembled. Naturally I referred to the time when I had seen and talked with their idolized leader, and I described him as he had appeared to my fascinated eyes. The personal element in this simple recital of facts and statement of impressions was like a torch to dry flax, and the excitable nature of my Hungarian auditors overleaped all bounds. Suddenly I found myself seized from behind by a pair of muscular arms and lifted to the shoulders of two burly men, while the crowd shouted and cheered in a manner that was nothing short of terrifying. If I had been able to construe the proceeding as a demonstration provoked by force of oratory, I might have found some consolation in my peculiar situation; but this view being out of the question, I could only submit with an ill grace to an overpowering sense of grotesqueness, and beg the excited men to put me down from their shoulders and restore the assemblage to order before it was swept to greater extremes. That was certainly the most enthusiastic memorial meeting I ever attended, and during the moments when I was swaying about on the brawny shoulders of the two strapping Hungarians, I sincerely repented of having made any mention of a personal acquaintance with Kossuth. Later, however, I came to look at the incident more calmly, and to realize that the racial temperament and the intense devotion of the Hungarians to their national hero were responsible for the outburst of feeling.

In connection with the Generals who made themselves immortal in the Civil War, my thought always turns sadly to Robert E. Lee, the greatest military genius of the Confederacy. One slight circumstance gave me a closer view of his position than I could have obtained from any amount of historical study.

Not long before the crisis that came with the report of the first gun at Fort Sumter, Mrs. Bryan and myself were guests at Arlington, the splendid seat of the Lee family overlooking the Potomac and the national capital. General Lee was very thoughtful and his eyes had a far-away look which indicated that his mind was filled with reflections of great seriousness and importance. After dinner we went out upon the wide veranda of the old Arlington mansion, and he began to pace restlessly backward and forward. Whenever his eyes lifted from the floor of the veranda they seemed to turn irresistibly in the direction of the great dome of the Capitol. Suddenly he paused, as if no longer able to keep within his lips the emotions stirring his patriot soul. I can see him now as he paused in his nervous walk, pointed toward the dome which gleamed in slant rays of the setting sun, and sadly exclaimed:

"Cousin Byrd! I never look at that building without misgivings! There's mischief brewing there!"

From that time until the storm of war finally broke he spent days and nights of acute mental agony, pacing the veranda and walks of Arlington and the floor of its great hall, struggling to determine his own rightful place in the awful conflict of interests which he felt was impending. And no man who went into that long and bloody struggle had greater difficulty in choosing between fealty to the flag and loyalty to his commonwealth and the people of the South. He was unalterably opposed to secession, but the ties which held him to the South proved too powerful to be resisted. Seldom am I able to think of Robert E. Lee without recalling Chateaubriand's characterization of Washington:

(Concluded on Page 17)

The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop—By Hamlin Garland

Author of The Eagle's Heart

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THIRTY-FIRST CHAPTER—CONCLUSION

EARLY on the morning of the first day—before the dawn, in truth—the Tetongs came riding in over the hills from every quarter of the earth, bringing their finest clothing, their newest blankets and their whitest teepees, all lashed on long poles between which the patient ponies walked as in the olden time. Every man, woman and child able to sit a horse was mounted. No one wore a white man's hat or shoes or vest—all were in leggins and moccasins, fringed and painted, and they carried their summer blankets as they once carried the robes of the buffalo. Even the boys of six and seven wore suits cunningly fashioned and decorated like those of their elders. The young warriors, painted and with fluttering feathers, rode their fleetest ponies, and were clad in buckskin leggins, with shoulders bare and gleaming.

With all due form, without hurry or jostling, the whole tribe camped in a wide ellipse, each clan in its place, each family having a fixed position in the circle. The teepees rose like magic and their threads of smoke began to creep up into the morning sky like mysterious plants, slender, wavering. Swarms of the young men galloped to and fro, laying out a racing course and making up for the procession, under Wilson's direction, while the old women stood in line at the issue-house waiting for their meat and flour.

Curtis and Elsie and Maynard and Jennie rode out into the camp after breakfast, for Elsie was eager to see as much of the old forms of camping as possible.

Curtis said: "I am not interdicting any of their customs because they are of their old life, but because some of them are coarse or hurtful. That they are all living somewhat in the past to-day is true, but they will put away this finery and go to work with me to-morrow. To cut them off from all amusement is mere fanaticism. No people can endure without recreation."

In the centre of the wide circle of teepees a huge bower of pines was being erected for the dance, and pulsing through the air the voice of the crier could be heard as he rode slowly round the camps publishing the program of the day.

Everywhere they went Curtis and his friends met with hearty greeting.

The old men crowded to shake hands and the women smiled with shiny teeth. The little children, though they ran away at first, came out again when they knew it was the Agent who called. Jennie gave hints about the cooking and praised the neat teepees and the pretty dresses, and Elsie, looking upon it all with reflective eyes, could not help thinking: "Such will be my work if I do my duty as a wife." At times, when she forgot her life in Paris and Washington, this work did not seem wholly impossible. She had moments when she even took to herself a part of the love and obedience the red people showed her lover, and then again she smiled to think that she should feel a touch of pride in being the wife of an Indian Agent!

Driving his guests back to the Agency, Curtis returned to the camp and gave himself up to his people. He remained in the camp till midday and only came in to rest his weary feet and aching eyes for a little while before luncheon.

It was unutterably sweet to him to stretch out in his big, battered easy-chair, in the shaded cooluess of the library, and feel Elsie's smooth light hand in his hair.

"And you are never to leave me," he said dreamily. "I can't realize it yet." After a pause he added: "I am demanding too much of you, sweetheart."

"You are demanding nothing, sir. If you did you wouldn't get it. If I choose to *give* you anything you are to be grateful and discreetly silent."

"Can't I say, 'Thank you'?"

"Not a word!"

"I am content," he said, and closed his eyes again to express it, and she, being unasked, bent and kissed his forehead.

Rousing up a few minutes later he said: "I have a present in keeping for you."

"Have you? What is it? Is it from you? Why didn't you let me see it before?"

He rose and opened a closet door. "Because the time had not come. Before I show it to you now I want you to promise to wear it——"

"I promise," she interrupted instantly.

"Don't be so ready—I intend it to be a symbol of your change of heart."

"Well, then, I don't promise," she said, backing away with her hands behind her.

"I don't mean your change of heart toward me—I have a ring to express that—this is to express your change of heart toward——"

"Toward 'Injuns'?"

"No, toward all the small peoples of the earth."

"Well, then, I can't wear it—I haven't changed. Down with them!" she cried in smiling bravado.

He closed the closet door. "Very well, then; you shall not even see the present—you are not worthy of it."

"Oh, please!" she cried. "I'll forgive all the barbarians of the earth if you will only let me see my present."

"I don't believe I like that, either," he replied. "You are now too ready. However, I'll hold you to your word."

Elsie clapped her hands with genuine delight as he held up a fine buckskin dress beautifully adorned with beads and quills. It was exquisitely tanned, soft as silk and of a deep cream color.

"Isn't it lovely! I'll wear it whether my heart is changed or not," she said, hugging it to her bosom.

"Here are the leggins and the moccasins to match."

She gathered them all up at a swoop. "I'm going to put them on at once."

"Wait!" he commanded. "Small Bird, who made these garments, is out in the kitchen. I want to call her—she can be your maid for this time."

Small Bird came bashfully into the hall. She was dressed in the old-time dress herself and was exceedingly comely. Her face was carefully painted and her hair shone with oil.

"Can she speak English?" asked Elsie.

"Not very well, but she understands. Small Bird, the lady says thank you. She thinks they are very fine. Her heart is glad. Go help her dress."

"Come!" said Elsie and ran away up the stairs, followed timidly by the Indian girl.

When she returned Elsie was a sister to Small Bird. Her dark hair was braided in the Tetong fashion, her face was painted, and her feet were clothed in glittering little moccasins.

"You look exactly like some of the old engravings of Mohawk Princesses," cried Curtis. "Now you are ready to sit by my side and review the procession."

"Are we to have a procession?"

"Indeed we are—as significant as any tournament in Ivanhoe! I am the resident Duke before whom the review takes place, and I shall be in my best dress and you are to sit by my side—my bride-elect."

"Oh, no!" she cried, shrinking away.

"Oh, yes! It is decided. I have said it, and I am Chief today. It is good, Small Bird," he said, as the Tetong girl started to go.

Elsie ran toward the girl and took her by the shoulders as if to make her understand the better. "Thank you—thank you!"

Small Bird smiled, but surrendered to her timidity and ran swiftly out of the room.

Curtis took Elsie in the circle of his right arm. "Now you are my consort," he said. "You have put on the garb of my people." And his kiss stopped the protest she struggled to utter.

Surely that day was a day strangely apart. Everything that could be done to make it symbolic, to make it idyllic, was done. Curtis appeared after luncheon in a fine costume of buckskin, trimmed with green porcupine quills and beads, and on his head he wore a cap of beaver-skin. Across his shoulder he bore the sash of a finely beaded tobacco pouch, and in his hand he carried a long, fringed bag, very ancient, which contained a peace pipe which had been transmitted to Crawling Elk by his father's father, a precious thing worn only by chiefs.

So accoutred, he led the way to the canopied platform under the flag pole where the members of the reviewing party were to sit. In order that no invidious distinctions might be drawn two or three of the old chiefs and their wives had been given seats thereon, and they were already in place. Not many strangers were present, for Curtis had purposely refrained from announcing the festival too long ahead, but some friends of the employees and several of the young officers of the Fort made up the outside representation. Maynard was in his best uniform, and Jennie, very pretty in a muslin gown and wearing a broad white hat, sat by his side.

From their seats the camp, swarming with horsemen, could be seen. Wilson, as grand marshal, was riding to and fro, assisted by Lawson, who had entered into the game with the self-sacrificing devotion of a drum-major. His make-up was superb, and when at last he approached, leading the cavalcade, Elsie hardly recognized him. His lean face, dark with paint, was indistinguishably Tetong at a distance, and he sat his horse with a perfect simulation of his red brethren. His hunting-shirt was grimy with use, and his splendid war bonnet trailed grandly down his back. He rode by, looking neither to the right nor the left—singing a low song.

Crawling Elk followed, holding aloft a spear, with a green plume—it was a turnip thrust through with a sharp-pointed, blackened stick. Behind him, two by two, came fifty of his young warriors, carrying shining hoes upright, as of old they carried their lances, while at their backs (where their quivers of arrows once hung) dangled slender sheaves of green wheat and golden barley. The wild fluttering of their feather ornamented hair, the barbaric painting on their faces and hands, symbolized the old; the green arrows of the grain represented the new. Behind them rode their women, each bearing in her hand a bunch of flowers or a spray of squash vines.

Standing Elk, quaint and bent, rode by, singing a stern war song, magnificent in his dress as war chief, and followed by some twenty young men. His hands were empty of the signs of peace, and his face was rapt with dreams of the past, but his young men carried long-handled spades which flamed in the sun, and bracelets of plaited grass encircled their shining brown arms. They, too, were painted to manifest their deeds and signify their ancestry; and the "medicine" they affected was on their heads. Their wives followed with sunflowers in their hair, each bearing a stalk of corn in bloom; their beaded saddles and gay blankets were very pleasant to see, but gayest of all were the children, on whom the mothers had lavished their highest skill, their best thought.

They came in platoons, these poor little brown men and women adding a new note of pathos, trudging on foot to symbolize that they must plod through life in the dust of the white man's chariot-wheel. Their toes were imprisoned in shapeless boxes of leather, their hair close-clipped, their clothing hot and restrictive. Each carried a book and a slate and their faces were very intent and serious as they paced by—on their toilsome way from the past to the present. They were followed by the school-band playing The Star Spangled Banner with splendid disregard of the broken faith of the Government whose wards they were.

And so they streamed by, these folk, accounted the most warlike of all red men, patiently carrying out the wishes of their white chief, illustrating, without knowing it, the wonderous change which had come to them; the old men clinging to the past, the young men careless of the future, the children already transformed; and as they glanced up, some smiling, some grave and dreaming, Elsie shuddered with a species of awe—it seemed as if a people were being disintegrated and transformed before her eyes—that the evolution of a race, having proceeded for countless ages by almost imperceptible degrees of changes, was, now and here, rushing, as by mighty bounds, from war to peace, from hunting to harvesting, from primitive indolence to ordered thrift. They were indeed passing—as the plains and the wild spaces were passing—as the buffalo had already passed—as every wild thing must pass before the ever-thickening flood of white men pressing on the land.

Twice they circled, and then as they all massed before him Curtis rose to speak.

"I am very proud of you, my friends. All those who sit here are pleased. My heart is big with emotion and my head is full of new thoughts. This is a great day for you and also for me. Some of you are sad, for you long for the old things, for the big, broad plain, for the elk and the buffalo. So do I. I loved those things also. But you have seen how it is: the water of the stream never turns back to the spring, the old man never grows young, the tree that falls does not rise up again. So the old things come never again. We must now look ahead. Perhaps in the happy hunting ground beyond the sand-hills all will be different—but here and now we must do our best to live upon the earth. It is the law that, the game being gone, we must plow and sow and reap the fruit of the soil. That is the meaning of all we have done to-day. We have put away the rifle; we here take up the hoe.

"I am glad—my heart is like a bird—singing when I see you happy. Listen—I will tell you a great secret. You see this young woman." He touched Elsie. "You see she wears the Tetong dress, the same as I. That means much. It signifies two things. Last year her heart was hard toward the Tetongs—but now it is soft. She is proud of what we have done. She wears this dress for another reason—she is going to be my wife and help me to show you Tetongs the good way." At this there was a chorus of pleased outcries. "Now, go to your feast. Let everything be orderly. To-night we will come to see you dance."

With an outburst of jocular outcries the young men wheeled their horses and vanished under cover of a cloud of dust, while the old men and the women and children moved sedately back to camp, the women chattering gayly over the day's exciting shows, and in anticipation of the dance which was to come.

There were tears in Elsie's eyes as she looked up at Curtis. "They have so far to go, poor things. They can't realize how long the road to civilization is."

"I do not care whether they reach what you call civilization or not. The road to happiness and peace is not long; it is short—they are even now entering upon it. They can be happy right here. And so can we," he ended, looking at her with a tender wistfulness.

"You have conquered," she said with deep feeling. "Under the spell of this day I feel your work to be the only thing in the world worth doing."

"Now, I want to ask something of you. I have a leave of absence for six months. Show me the Old World."

She sprang up. "Ah! Can you go?"

"When the crops are garnered and sifted, and my people clothed and sheltered."

"I'd rather show you Paris than anything else in the world," she cried. "I'd almost marry you to do that."

"Very well, marry me; we will spend our honeymoon there. Perhaps then you will be willing to spend one more year here with me—and then—well—— Never cross the range till you get to it."

(THE END)

"THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS AND PEACE IS NOT LONG"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

Published every Saturday by

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 to 427 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Subscription $1.00 the Year—5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶This is a pleasant thought. If the latitude of South Carolina can produce such things as she has recently shown us, what may we not expect if Cuba ever becomes a State!

¶A cheerful Vermonter recently spent a happy one hundred and twelfth anniversary of his birthday. Here is hoping that another Vermonter will beat this record! His name is George Dewey.

¶If Marconi will only give a few hours to the domestic problem and invent the leaveless servant he will do more to advance human happiness than by all the wireless messages that may ever be sent around the world

¶It is hard on the poets that they have to stop singing about the freedom of the sea because a trust has bought up all the ships. But it goes to show how modern business conditions are destroying sentiment. The next blow will be struck when the airships and wireless things get into a combination. Then where will the poet be?

¶Judge Simeon E. Baldwin, of Connecticut, declares that Americans in this age of plenty are not saving so much money in proportion as did their ancestors half a century ago. He is right. And if those good old ancestors had not saved as they did, their descendants would not have so much money to spend as they have to-day. "Blessed ancestors!" should be the acknowledgment of the present generation.

¶At the first performance of Mr. Stephen Phillips' new play in London the whole audience was seated before the curtain was raised. But this most delightful condition was brought about only by the warning that tickets would not be honored until after the first act unless the holders were in their seats on time. The "late" nuisance grows in theatres, halls, churches—everywhere. The habit, wherever shown, is evidence of distinctly bad manners.

Rosebery's Cheerful Fallacy

THE latest British defeat in South Africa has caused, like its predecessors, the announcement of principles that seem open to dispute. Lord Rosebery and the rest of the imperialists in England have hastened to proclaim that disaster only makes them more determined to see the thing through, and to maintain "the tradition that blows serve to strengthen and stiffen British resolution

It would be hard to find a solid basis for this alleged tradition, either historically or morally. Historically it has not been the rule upon which England has always, or even usually, acted The somewhat notable instance of the American colonies is a case in point. Nor is any country affected by defeat in the way described. Of course this sort of talk is always heard in every war. The Boers speak in the same way. So did we in the Civil War. The North professed to be merely nerved to new exertions by the rout of Bull Run, and the South pretended to find doses like Vicksburg and Gettysburg bracing, if somewhat sour. But as a matter of fact it was victory that finally decided the war in favor of the Union and defeat that eventually induced the Confederates to give up The fortunes of the Administration and of the opposition in the North fluctuated with the success of the national arms

And this is what always happens and always must happen while human nature remains unchanged. Success inspires; failure depresses. If the rule which Lord Rosebery and the rest tell us prevails in England really existed, no war could end except by the extermination of one of the parties. For if a country will not consider terms when it is defeated, it certainly will not when it is victorious, nor when fortune is even. The Boers being equally determined, the war must simply continue until the last Afrikander is dead or in prison And then when the prisoners are released the whole thing must begin over again.

It is fortunate for mankind that human nature is less obdurate than Lord Rosebery would have us believe it. Pride and prejudice may harden its heart for a long time, but in the course of every war there comes a day when the participants begin to count the cost and ask themselves whether it is worth while. How soon that day shall come depends upon the magnitude of the issues involved, the sacrifices already borne and the capacity for bearing more. It came to England in the time of our Revolution after the war had been going on for about five years. That was a case in which the issues involved infinitely transcended anything in South Africa to-day. The time of solemn reflection came to our Confederates after four years of fighting. It would probably have come to the people of the North in two or three years more if their arms had been unsuccessful

Of course one victory is not enough to save the Boers, but it is distinctly an item on their side of the ledger, not a mere stimulus to further English activity, as the comfortable theory in London would have it.

Reform within the party is a political phrase meaning that it is a long time before the next election.

The Ups and Downs of Reform

IT GENERALLY takes about four months for a reform movement that wins at the polls to get into hot water with the newspapers and with public sentiment generally. New York has beaten the record. In less than two months the wind changed, the tide turned, the vox populi became a duet instead of a chorus. It began to be said that the Reformers were just as bad as Tammany, and it was proved that certain evils of a serious nature still flourished, just as though a city like New York could be made entirely good within eight weeks. But the most wonderful change was in the popularity of Justice Jerome. Before he was elected he was the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, the cavalier of good government, the new Roosevelt who had risen, mayhap, to blaze his way of glory to the White House. It was Jerome on every front page, Jerome in all the cartoons, Jerome from the time he opened his eyes in the morning until he went to sleep at night. But now many of the papers which praised highest have knocked down their idol and are throwing black ink and adjectives at it in every edition. There is nothing too fierce to say about him. And Jerome, who loved the press before election, now arises and says the meanest sort of things about a government by newspapers.

These are only samples and New York's case is characteristic. Of course the excesses of speech and criticism go on and before the term expires the men in office are considered almost as bad as the corruptionists whom they succeeded. Fortunately for much of the printed extravagance, people look over the newspaper and throw it away, forgetting by the afternoon what they read in the morning and by the morning what they read in the afternoon; else it would be most interesting to compare the editorials before and after the campaign, for no better humor could be found than in the differences of phrase and sentiment.

As a matter of fact, each reform movement accomplishes something of benefit. It has weaknesses, because it is itself extremely human, and it often dips downward a bit when it ought to be working upward, but when this is done the people can again arise and try another set of reformers. The great thing is that through all these human disappointments and failures good is achieved, and thus step by step we get along. But the reformer or the holder of an office under a reform administration does double mischief when he proves unworthy of his trust or turns into ridicule the serious duties which were committed to him; for in addition to failing to measure up to the demands of his own position he encourages spoils politics and disappoints political manhood and independence.

It is a question as to how much value the strenuous kind of politics has. Sometimes it seems a humbug. Sometimes it is needed to stir up a lethargic community. Sometimes it overshoots the mark But all the time it needs to be watched, for the law of oscillation holds in politics as well as in other things, and if the pendulum swing too far to the one side it will swing back unless held in check. So the safe plan is to let the reformer know that if he does not do his duty well others will be chosen to take his place.

Many men and many measures—about five hundred Congressmen and over twenty thousand bills

Our Young Friends Oversea

WHEN our late visitor, Dr Henry Hohenzollern, received his degree at Harvard, President Eliot surprised him by referring to this venerable Republic and the young German Empire. It is not customary to consider our Government an old one, measured by European standards, and yet President Eliot might well have carried his comparison far beyond Germany.

The Government of Russia is older than ours, and that of England may fairly be considered so, too, although the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland dates only from the year 1800 and the Government of George III was as different from that of Edward VII as from that of the United States. But all the other great Powers of Europe and most of the small ones are living under constitutions that are youthful compared with ours. The third French Republic is thirty-one years old, and since the adoption of our Federal Constitution, France has lived under twelve different forms of government. The present Austro-Hungarian Monarchy dates from 1867. It succeeded an Austrian Empire that had lasted for sixty-one years and had belonged in part to a German Confederation. When Thomas Jefferson became President of the United States the Archduchy of Austria was part of the Holy Roman Empire.

The Kingdom of Italy is forty-one years old. Not only the Government but the nation itself is the creation of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

Of the smaller Powers, Sweden and Norway were united in the Napoleonic wars under a prince who had formerly been a French private soldier, and whose offer of marriage had been rejected by a young washerwoman on the ground that he was not her social equal. Roumania, Servia and Greece were carved off from Turkey in the nineteenth century. A hundred years ago the ancestors of the Servian royal family were swineherds. The Kingdom of Holland is a legacy of the Napoleonic wars, and the Kingdom of Belgium is seventy-one years old. When our Constitution was framed, Holland was a Federal Republic administered by their High Mightinesses, the States-General, and Belgium was known as the Austrian Netherlands. There was a disjointed Swiss Confederation when our Union was established, but it was very different in every way from the present Switzerland, whose constitution dates from 1848.

Spain has lived under half a dozen forms of government since Washington became President of the United States, ranging from the old Bourbon absolute monarchy to the republic of Castelar.

If we are looking for examples of venerable political life, undisturbed by revolutionary changes, there are no better places to find them than in the biggest and the smallest republics of the world, the United States and San Marino—that little "sample republic" which Napoleon preserved as a curiosity, and which has maintained its quiet existence for four hundred years under the storms of European politics as the humble protozoon lives on under the storms of the sea.

This would be a funny-looking old world if all the remedies for saving it were used

The Moral Boundary Line

THERE is a narrow line which separates virtues from vices, excellent qualities of character from ruinous faults. It is drawn straight through the point of moderation. There economy becomes miserliness, generosity becomes prodigality, prudence becomes cowardice, and courage becomes rashness.

It is singular how many vices are simply the excess of virtues. Justice may run into severity and mercy into softness. Tolerance has not far to go to degenerate into absolute indifference, and faith is easily carried into credulity, superstition.

Possibly it would hardly be correct to say that many people are too good, but it is a fact that many otherwise gracious and lovable souls are void of that which makes goodness itself to be desired—that is, moderation

There must be a balance of virtues, a proper moral perspective. A man who is too straight leans over backward. The strenuous life is in peril of becoming the lawless, the violent. We argue, subconsciously, "If a thing is good, the more the better." But too much freedom is license, too much exercise is waste, too much zeal is fanaticism, too much light is blindness.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

In Crowded Alaska

DOCTOR CABELL WHITEHEAD

DR. CABELL WHITEHEAD, who is called the Father of Nome," is a very young man to enjoy so venerable a title. He is Chief Assayer for the United States Treasury, and has made many pilgrimages to the far Northwest. His initial report on the gold at Nome turned the tide of adventurous travel toward that field, and he has recently returned from another visit to that region.

During this latest sojourn there he had as a servant an Aleut who, though eccentric, was ingenious and faithful. On New Year's Eve the Aleut went forth for a night of jollity. In the early hours of the morning he reeled toward his master's house and to a fellow-servant at the door explained that he had been "out to Happy New Year." In honor of the occasion he had worn, surreptitiously, a pair of the Doctor's heavy rawhide boots, and in them made a dreadful clatter as he climbed the stairs.

Reaching the head of the stairs he paused and, muttering contrition for the disturbance he had created removed the boots, crept downstairs, and then in his stocking feet remounted the steps noiselessly.

Doctor Whitehead was much amused by a story of a prospector known as Shoemaker Bill, or "Shoemake.

In 1882 this pioneer located a claim several days' journey from Forty Mile, then a bleak trading-post on the Yukon. A man named Hank Sommers heard of this and offered to buy an interest in the claim. Shoemaker Bill, who had named his prospective mine "The Flag of All Nations," was willing enough to sell.

'Give me," said he, "ten dollars in cheehako" (a term applied to everybody and every commodity that comes from the outer world into Alaska), " and you can have the whole thing."

Hank paid over the money and the next day panned out a hundred dollars from the claim. "At that time," Hank says in relating the story, "there were not fifty human beings within a radius of two thousand miles, but Shoemake announced that he was going on to the frontier.

" 'But look here, Shoemake,' I said, 'I've just taken a hundred dollars' worth of gold out of "The Flag of All Nations," and I don't want you to think you've been buncoed. Stay here with me and I'll let you in for half.'

'No,' replied Shoemake as he shouldered his pack and started toward the North Pole, 'I want freedom, and this country along the Yukon is getting altogether too thickly settled to suit me.'

"Shoemaker Bill," says Doctor Whitehead, "was next heard of at another trading post a thousand miles farther on. In tramping through that incredible desolation it is not probable that he encountered more than three or four human beings. In his pack he carried a three months' file of a San Francisco newspaper.

'Shoemake,' asked a trader, 'why do you burden yourself with that great roll of papers?'

"'Well,' replied Shoemaker, 'there are so many arguments coming up in this country that I carry these here to settle disputes.'"

An Early Morning Inspector

MR. HOMER FOLKS

MR. HOMER FOLKS, the new Commissioner of Charities of New York City under the reform administration, was at one time President of the Pennsylvania Children's Aid Society, with headquarters in Philadelphia. When the State Charities Aid Association of New York was organized, seven or eight years ago, Mr. Folks was called to the secretaryship by the unanimous vote of the members. It was because of his work in this office that Mayor Low selected him as the head of the Charities Department of New York.

Mr. Folks is still a young man, despite his long and active career in charitable work, being only thirty-five years old. That he is a practical worker was made very manifest by an incident that occurred shortly after his selection by Mayor Low was made public. The story is told by Mr. Edward T. Devine, Secretary of the Charity Organization Society of the City of New York.

Mr. Devine had sent one of his inspectors to the Municipal Lodging House at Twenty-first Street and First Avenue. This institution had been erected largely through the efforts of the State Charities Aid Association, which, though it has no executive functions, exercises a strong influence over all charitable institutions. Until the erection of the Lodging House all homeless people in New York were compelled to sleep on planks in the police stations. There were no appliances for cleanliness, and the hygiene arrangements were utterly out of keeping with the requirements of a civilized community. When the Lodging House scheme was put through, Mr. Folks made it his business to see that decent beds and baths, and a system of disinfection of clothing were provided. He also used his influence to see that proper ventilators were put in the dormitories. The Lodging House is in charge of a Superintendent appointed by the Commissioner of Charities.

Mr. Devine's inspector called at the Lodging House just after the morning papers had announced that Mr. Folks would be appointed as head of the Department. Naturally this piece of news interested the Superintendent very much, and he said to the inspector:

'By the way, I see that one of the men from the Charities building is going to be our new boss here.'

'You mean Mr. Folks?'

'Yes, I mean him. He's the sort of a fellow that will make a man stand around, isn't he, when he gets his new job?'

'Oh, I don't know, why?'

'Well, any man that'll come around here at three or four o'clock in the morning when he doesn't have to is likely, it seems to me, to make trouble for people who don't attend to business.'

'Does he do that?" inquired the inspector.

"'Yes; he was around here not long ago, and what do you suppose he wanted?'

'I don't know.'

'Well, sir, he came down here to see that the ventilators were working, and he didn't take anybody's word for it, either. He came around at an hour when he knew the dormitories would be filled and he could see just how things were going on, and he climbed up over half a dozen cots and beds to the ceiling and tested the apparatus himself. That looks to me as if he was going to take a hand and make people stand around in great shape.'

A "Pull" that Failed to Work

MR. LEWIS NIXON

MR. LEWIS NIXON, the new leader of Tammany Hall, represents the most pronounced departure from the traditions of that organization. Heretofore the Tammany leader has always been a man whose sole occupation was politics. From Tweed to Croker the boss depended for a living on the organization and the power that he wielded. Tweed made millions upon millions by robbing the city. John Kelly, who wrested the power from Tweed, though undoubtedly an honest man so far as the direct taking of money was concerned, went into the organization poor and died worth a quarter of a million. Richard Croker is reputed to be a millionaire several times over. Since he went actively into politics he has never been engaged in any pursuit that yielded an income except for short periods when he served as fire commissioner and city chamberlain.

Now comes a man whose record is such as to make it certain that instead of making money out of politics he will lose it. Mr. Nixon has coined his time into money at a rate that must seem fabulous to most men. Though very young, he has through his own exertions built up one of the most extensive shipbuilding enterprises in the country. At his yard at Elizabethport there is work under way of the value of five or six million dollars. In addition he has gone extensively into the business of building automobiles. Outside of these pursuits he is also actively engaged as director in a number of other important enterprises.

He had the reputation, even before assuming the active leadership of Tammany Hall, of being the busiest man in the metropolis. Every minute of every day was laid out carefully in advance, and he transacted his business on an exact time schedule. He moved about from place to place and from office to office with as much precision as a railroad train. By consulting his secretary it was possible always to strike him at any point at any time no matter in how wide a circle he moved. He generally began work at eight o'clock in the morning and kept steadily at it until seven in the evening, when he went home to dine.

Out of a day as compactly filled as this Mr. Nixon now devotes at least three hours in each twenty-four to the affairs of Tammany Hall. At nine o'clock in the morning or at three in the afternoon he is to be found at his desk in the Wigwam where, since his advent as chief, the affairs of Tammany are once more transacted instead of at the Democratic Club in upper Fifth Avenue, which was the Tammany headquarters under the Croker régime.

Probably no other topic is proving of such extraordinary interest to the citizens of New York as the question of what Mr. Nixon will be able to accomplish in Tammany Hall. He is opposed to everything for which the ruling powers in the Wigwam have for many years stood. He is a man of high honor, and any one who should offer him a bribe, no matter how disguised, would probably not revive for several hours, for Mr. Nixon stands over six feet in his stockings and hits straight from the shoulder.

An interesting incident occurred while Mr. Nixon was at the head of the East River Bridge Commission, the body that had charge of planning and building the new bridge between New York and the Eastern District of Brooklyn. A henchman of one of the most prominent men in Tammany Hall had got into an ugly scrape. To help him out it was necessary to secure the influence of a man who stood high in the community. The Tammany politician concluded that Mr. Nixon would do, and he sought him out at the office of the Bridge Commission. He stated his mission in a manner which took it for granted that his wish would be complied with. Mr. Nixon heard him to the end and then turned on him fiercely.

"You have," thundered the irate young shipbuilder, thumping his desk until the ink-well jumped, "the most infernal impudence to come to me with such a request! This fellow is a blackguard and a scoundrel, and I hope he will get everything that is coming to him under the law."

When the Tammany man had sufficiently recovered his breath he mumbled an apology and slunk away.

Governor Van Sant's Old Well

GOVERNOR S. R. VAN SANT

GOVERNOR S. R. VAN SANT, of Minnesota, whose attack on the Western railroad merger has given him prominence, attended a family reunion at the Van Sant home in Leclaire, Iowa, recently, the occasion being the ninety-second birthday anniversary of the Governor's father. In the afternoon the dinner party drove over the tri-cities (Davenport, Iowa, Moline and Rock Island, Illinois) where Governor Van Sant had spent his boyhood.

The carriage in which the Governor sat was bowling along a street in the lower part of Rock Island when Mr. Van Sant suddenly jumped up from his seat and cried:

"There it is! There it is! Stop the carriage, Tom!"

The driver reined up, surprised; but without a word of explanation Governor Van Sant leaped from the carriage and ran into the yard of a private house. He hurried to the brink of an old oaken bucket well and leaned over.

"I've wanted a taste of this water for years," he said as the party joined him. "Don't you remember? This is our old well!"

The house where the Governor and his brother were born had been removed, but the old well remained, though the changes in the street had made it nearer the sidewalk than formerly. The other members of the Van Sant family had not recognized the place.

The Governor himself went to the door of the house and asked for a cup. He was again surprised when the old lady who answered the knock proved to be the mother of one of the Governor's former schoolmates.

"I've dreamed about the old well many and many a night," said the Governor as he drank from the porcelain cup. "I've won some honors, but the happiest moments of my life were when I was a lad, quenching my thirst from the old well, into which I looked and imagined that I saw the future mirrored."

The Musical Mayor of Frisco

AN INTERESTING incident in municipal elections in the United States recently was the elevation of Mr. Eugene E. Schmitz, leader of the orchestra in the Columbia Theatre in San Francisco, to the office of Mayor of that city. Mr. Schmitz is thirty-seven years old and was the candidate of the Union Labor party. The total vote cast was 53,495, of which he received 21,806, a plurality over the Republican candidate of 4110, and over the Democratic aspirant of 9113.

The present Mayor inherited his musical gifts from his father, who for many years was prominent as a musician in the West. The Mayor began his musical career as a drummer in an orchestra in the old Bush Street Theatre in San Francisco, and has ever since been identified with orchestral work. Until recently he did not dream of ever holding public office.

Mr. Schmitz, since becoming Mayor, continues to indulge his love for music. As a feature of the Christmas entertainment in one of the churches of his city the Mayor consented to play on his violin. When criticised for having taken part in the performance he said: "I do not consider it any less dignified for the Mayor of San Francisco to play a nocturne at a Christmas festival than it would be for him to address a Christian Endeavor convention or any similar gathering." He has announced publicly that, on proper occasions, he will continue to play his violin.

The new Mayor has a charming home, where he entertains many actors, artists, musicians, writers and other friends. He is over six feet in height, weighs a trifle over two hundred pounds, and is straight and athletic.

"The most painstaking orchestra often fails to satisfy the exacting demands of actors at rehearsals," he said to a party of Bohemians one night. "I remember that once, when I was a drummer, the leader of the orchestra, a very talented musician, failed to please the leading man. The piece was gone over again and again, and finally the leader said testily:

"'It's no use trying to satisfy a man who has no conception of music. If I were manager of this theatre I wouldn't employ any actor who couldn't play on at least one instrument.'

"And I retorted the actor with ready wit, 'wouldn't employ a musician who couldn't.'"

To Young Men Beginning Business Telegraphy—By E. J. Nally

General Superintendent Postal Telegraph-Cable Company

THE office of a commercial telegraph company is to-day the biggest, and I believe the best, training school for active business life open to a self supporting boy or young man. It is the widest and most direct "open door" to commercial opportunity that a bright lad can hope to enter. To be sure, it is a rough-and-ready school, but this must be classed among its advantages for it helps to make prompt, practical, pushing men—quick of wit and nimble of limb

These assertions may seem sweeping, but they are easily capable of proof. In fact, they are proved a hundred times in every business day of the year. Only one qualification need be made to the statement that commercial telegraphy is the most fruitful and efficient drill ground for service in the business world. This is, that the messenger boy be considered part and parcel of the telegraphic service—and he is a most vital and important part thereof. Properly he should be regarded as a potential operator—a telegrapher in embryo. The fact that only a small percentage of messenger boys master the mysteries of the key and sounder does not vitiate this view of the case, for it still holds that from their ranks comes the main body of recruits for the army of skilled operators

The telegraph messenger service is recognized by the business world, in the big metropolitan centres, as the most available and reliable employment agency for office boys and clerks at the command of the employer. Thousands of positions are annually filled from this source, and it is a part of the daily routine of the telegraph official's duties to satisfy demands of this kind. His telephone is frequently rung by patrons who ask: "Can't you send us a bright boy right away?" And these requests are not denied, because the man who makes the request is a patron, and knows, by personal observation and experience, that the telegraph official has just that kind of a boy on his pay-roll. While it inconveniences the official to accede to these demands, yet to refuse would be to offend patrons who pay the company thousands of dollars a year, and would also shut out a deserving boy from an opportunity which promises to develop into a substantial business career

Chances that Come to Bright Boys

It is not to be inferred from this that the door of opportunity for advancement in lines outside telegraphy is closed when the messenger boy becomes an operator. If his chances to get on in other departments of commercial and industrial effort do not increase with his promotion from the messenger's bench to a clerk's desk and the operator's table they are certainly strengthened, and each day of service at the key adds to his efficiency and his power to grasp almost any line of work that the world has to offer. Because of these conditions I do not hesitate to say a boy who must make his own way and find his niche in the rough-and-tumble of business strife cannot do better than begin as a messenger boy Counsel of this kind should not be offered on a slight basis or without the most serious consideration resting upon years of practical experience. In this case it is the result of more than a quarter of a century of continuous service in the telegraphic field, beginning with the messenger boy's bench and including the official desk—including practically all the progressive stations from the elemental one to that of executive official

As for the messenger boy—the familiar butt of the newspaper paragrapher and the cartoonist, who delight to portray him as the type of slow-going inefficiency—I am free to confess that I never cease to marvel at the promptness, courtesy, energy and devotion uniformly displayed by this tireless little runner of the world's business errands. Familiarity with the conditions which surround his daily life only deepen the conviction that he discharges his exacting duties with a faithfulness and efficiency that would raise the standard of fidelity, energy and promptness were the average services of the adult workers in the business world up to the pace which this small hustler sets.

Why do business men so generally appeal to the officials of the commercial telegraph companies for boys to fill their lesser positions? This is a fair and natural question Answered in fewest words: Because the service of the messenger boy is of a kind which sharpens his wits, focuses his observation, broadens his view fires his energies, fortifies his resourcefulness and inspires him with a sense of exacting responsibility.

A Hot Race for a Message

A change comes over a boy the moment his first message is placed in his hand. Intuitively he realizes, at that instant, that he is intrusted with a genuine and grave responsibility. He seems to feel a touch of the subtle magnetic current—the soul of telegraphy!—and grasps the vital, energizing realization that time is the essence of things There is a brightening of the eye, a quickening of the step and a general awakening of the senses. One of the most important and interesting figures in the world is a boy in a new uniform and with his first telegraph message in his hand! Nor is this attitude an exaggerated one. There is something portentous about a telegram. Each message has a history and the presumption is a fair one that each telegram plays an important part in the history of a person, a firm, a corporation—perhaps of a great political party, state or nation! Under the impulsion of this realization the spine of the boy stiffens, his faculties bestir themselves with new life, and he becomes instinct and alert with a livelier sense of being than he has ever before known.

While, in time, the novelty of this sensation may wear away, it gives place to a confirmed habit of promptness, of facility to grasp the demands and exactions of business life. He learns that the main thing is to "deliver the message to Garcia"—and that in the briefest time possible!

The energy which is thrown into the accomplishment of this purpose is little short of astonishing to those who have lost the elasticity of boyhood and the fire of youth. On my desk, as I write, are two expense bills which forcibly illustrate this characteristic. One is for a surgeon's services, and the other for a glass set in the door of an office. Many firms have call boxes of both of the telegraph companies in their offices, and when "rush services" are required pull both boxes and give the message to the boy first on the ground. This practice is understood by the boys and they race for the prize. Recently such a call was responded to by two messengers who reached the Monadnock Building and dashed into the entrance at the same instant. They reached the elevator simultaneously, were carried to the ninth floor and managed to squeeze through the door abreast, starting "toe to toe" for the office at the end of the corridor. Down the hall they dashed with a speed which the elevator man afterward described, with reference to their uniforms, as "a streak of blue and a streak of gray"

The floor of the hallway was slippery and their speed so great that their attempt to stop short was futile, and the impetus of the foremost carried his outstretched arm through the glass of the door, shattering it in pieces and cutting severe gashes in his hands and face As the surgeon finished the stitches in the boy's wounds he looked up with a pathetic triumph in his face and exclaimed,

"But I got the message!" That is the true and typical spirit of the whole messenger force!

Another incident shows how the messenger boy makes good the peculiar opportunities which his daily tasks put in his way, forcing himself upon the attention not only of his employers but of the business men with whom he is brought in contact. In the course of the World's Fair an unusual number of boys were given employment as messengers, and among the new recruits was a keen but quiet little lad who instantly grasped the serious importance of his task. One Saturday he

was given a message for delivery to a manufacturer at the latter's home on the West Side of Chicago, several miles from the office at which he was stationed. He was given two street car tickets only and was not instructed that there was any particular urgency in the delivery of the telegram. But he had his own ideas on the latter score!

Several hours passed without his return and the "Chief of Delivery" became so annoyed at the prolonged absence of "No. 20" that he stormed and said many harsh things about the delinquent. As hour after hour passed without any sign of the boy the clerk's anger turned to anxiety and he became fearful that the youngster had met with an accident About sundown a weary and bedraggled little figure entered the messengers' door. It was "No. 20," and as he turned in his delivery sheet he found scant voice in which to remark

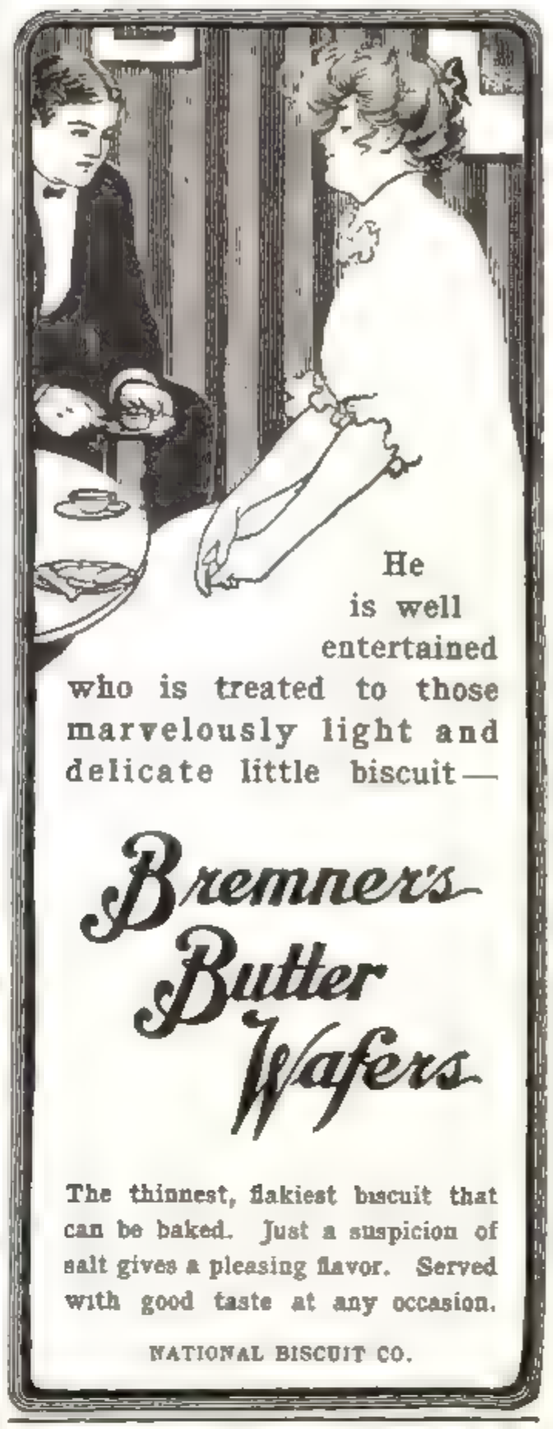
"Say, I'm dead tired! Oh, but I had an awful chase after that man. Got out to his house an' the girl said he'd gone fer a fambly picnic out t' Garfield Park—she thought out t' furder end. I got her t' tell how many of 'em they was, an' what they looked like, an' the kind of lunch baskets they carried Then I hoofed it out there an' looked the ground over till I found th' party—all but th' man. He'd gone down t' his exhibit t' th World's Fair. Say, but that grub looked fit t' eat! But the woman didn't make no mistake an' offer me none! She told me what exhibit he was at in Man'fact'res Building an' I put out fer there. Caught a ride on trucks an' express wagons part th' way, sneaked some on th' trolley an' grip an' walked th' rest—'cause y' see I didn't have no tickets 'r fare. Had t' go clean t' th' fur end of the grounds 'fore I c'd get a fair chance t' climb that high fence without bein' picked by th' copper. But leaned a board up an' made the raise all right. I'd never been inside the grounds before—awful big place too but I found the building an' the man. When I told him what a chase I'd had he give me a dime. I blowed a nickel fer red hots when I got outside an' rode back on th' rest of it."

The man to whom this message was delivered related the incident to a prominent Board of Trade broker, who sent word that he wished to hire the boy. I told him the account of the experience which the boy had given, and the plucky, determined messenger was given a good position at once. Now he is one of the brightest traders in the wheat pit, and stands an excellent chance to become a successful commission merchant

A Boy's Midnight Adventure

A lesson immediately learned by the messenger recruit is to take the world as it comes, without shrinking or flinching, and to face hardships of weather, fatigue and discouragement with fortitude and indifference. This builds good business "backbone" faster than any other kind of training. Few persons realize the severity of the demands which are made upon the messenger boy who is compelled to start out in the roughest weather and take his run as bravely as in the sunshine. In the dead of night and the small hours of the morning he beats his way about the city when owl cars run infrequently and he must travel afoot long distances in the darkness. The recollection of a certain twelve-mile tramp, in the darkest hours of night, measuring by short footsteps the distance from St. Louis to Carondelet, is too fresh in my memory to allow me for an instant to lose sympathy with the perils and hardships of the messenger

Editor's Note—This is the fifth paper in the series To Young Men Beginning Business. Others will appear at brief intervals.



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Loss. And the perils which these business men in miniature face are not by any means imaginary. The memory of a midnight run when two highwaymen held me up and took from me the revolver which had been forced upon me by the night clerk, together with all the change in my pockets, enforces this point from the viewpoint of experience. In my terror the weapon was wholly forgotten until the robber drew it from my coat.

Quick reading of human nature is still another vital business trait peculiarly fostered by this fundamental branch of the telegraph service. No accomplishment is more valued by the man of affairs than is this quality of being able instantly to form a sound first hand judgment of men and motives, and the messenger boy is forced, by swift and hurried contact with perhaps a score of men each day, to leap at conclusions and act on intuition.

Flagging Unwelcome Visitors

One bright little fellow attracted my attention and I selected him for the position of doorboy. After a day when the pressure of business had been unusually intense and when I had been suffering not a little, this lad voluntarily ran to the dressing closet and brought my coat. With eyes full of ingenuous sympathy and earnestness he glanced into my face and remarked.

"We've had 'n awful busy day, haven't we, sir?"

I repressed the smile which rose to my lips and answered as seriously as possible

"Yes, Michael; it has been a hard one. We must have had fully fifty callers."

"More 'n that, sir," was his quick and proud reply. Then a touch of mingled pride and pity came into his voice as he added

"But you ought t've seen how many I flagged."

Intuitively he had understood the strain and pressure of the occasion and on his own initiative had sifted out the important callers with the tact of a born diplomat, referring the others to my assistants. This he called "flagging." That boy has pushed ahead and will have a secure place in the business world. He, like the majority of his little comrades in uniform, had been so aroused and sharpened by contact with the rush of "the strenuous life" that his mental focus was marvelously acute and he could "catch on" to a situation with an instantaneous grasp.

The average business man is seldom too busy to notice the boy, and the telegraph messenger boy is persistently "bobbing up" at the elbow of the man of affairs to be noticed. If the lad is especially bright, courteous, alert and observing, the banker, merchant, commission man, manufacturer, Board of Trade broker, or newspaper editor instantly acquires a personal interest in him, questions him concerning his individual history, takes a record of his number and then offers him employment. A large proportion of the lads in this service contribute to the support of widowed mothers or other members of their families. They early learn what it means to carry the burden of family cares. This steadies their course and gives seriousness and direction to their character and career. Unless a city messenger boy starts out with an inborn fascination for telegraphy and a firm purpose to become an operator he is very likely, as I have indicated, to take advantage of opportunities offered him to engage in other lines of business. As a matter of fact, the greater portion of telegraph operators learn their art in small towns, where they start in as messenger boys, and where they are constantly within hearing of the click of the telegraph instrument. Advancement quickly follows after the lad has once mastered the rudiments of the craft. He is next transferred to another and more responsible place, but if he has the true telegraphic instinct he invariably gravitates to some large city.

Young men can earn more money in the telegraphic profession than in any other line of effort when the years and experience which they bring to the business are considered. In five or six years, for instance, a fair operator can draw a larger salary than he could command in any other calling after the investment of ten or twelve years of faithful apprenticeship. For this reason, the telegraphic service, speaking from the viewpoint of the operator, has enabled thousands of intelligent and ambitious young men to earn a comfortable living for themselves and their families, while at the same time giving them leisure and opportunity to pursue studies in other business or professional lines. And the nature of the work itself trains them in the essential art of intense application and gives them a broad and comprehensive view of almost every line of commercial and professional effort and the methods of its operation.

While the work of the telegraph operator is exacting, his hours are short. What is still more important to the young man who wishes to support himself by telegraphic work and at the same time to apply himself to systematic study for a profession, is that he is usually able so to arrange his hours at the key that his day will be apportioned in a manner to meet the requirements and convenience of his outside studies.

There is seldom a time when the telegraph official in a metropolitan city cannot stand at the desk of the main operating room and in a single glance locate operators who are representatives of the professions of dentistry, the law, medicine, the ministry and electrical science. Many talented young men drawing good salaries as expert operators are thereby enabled to give themselves thorough and extended courses in art, music and a multitude of the higher and more aesthetic callings. Once mastered, the telegraphic art is never forgotten, and the operator who leaves the vocation which has served as the stepping-stone to a profession is always conscious of the fact that, in case of emergency, he can "fall back on the key" and at once command a good livelihood.

It is my conviction that no other calling has been so productive a training school for other lines of business and professional effort as has telegraphy, and that, among men who have reached high positions in a wide variety of business and professional fields, there are more who can trace their first advancement to the training and opportunities gained in telegraphic service than there are of graduates from any other "common school of experience."

The boy or young man who is ambitious to make rapid progress in the profession of telegraphy and to rise to a position above that of an expert operator may do much toward that end by a judicious course of reading and study. But in going into the theoretical side of business he should never allow himself to forget that practice at the key is the first consideration, without which he cannot obtain the two fundamental requisites, accuracy and speed.

Books for Young Operators

Easily first of the standard books which the young telegrapher should read is William Maver's treatise on American Telegraphy. This is a meaty volume of some five hundred pages which deals in a most comprehensive but very definite way with all phases of the telegrapher's art as it obtains on this continent. It is my impression that this work is published by the Telegraphic Age of New York, but if not it is handled by that house.

Next in order I would suggest the reading of Telegraphic Connections, by Thom and Jones, also to be had of the Telegraphic Age. In connection with this volume I would suggest the reading of a series of articles now current in that journal and written by Mr. Willis Jones.

T. D. Lockwood's little volume on Electrical Measurements is essential to all who would gain a working knowledge of the craft. This is published by J. H. Bunnell & Co., 76 Cortlandt Street, New York.

No student of telegraphy can hope to obtain a broad view of his profession without a careful perusal of that sound and comprehensive treatise called Modern Views of Electricity, published by Macmillan & Co. and written by Oliver J. Lodge, Professor of Physics in the College of Liverpool. This is a book of 475 pages, and an assimilation of its contents will require many evenings.

The work of collected papers issued under the title of Electrical Engineering Leaflets, and written by Professor E. J. Houston and Professor A. E. Kennelly, will be found very helpful by those who wish to go into his home study course in a thorough manner. This book is issued in three volumes for elementary, intermediate and advanced students. The beginner should go through the entire set. These papers treat of almost every phase of electrical work: power, lighting, the telephone and the telegraph.

As indispensable to the intelligent study of these works I would include in the study course two reference volumes. The first is a Dictionary of Electrical Words, published by the W. J. Johnson Company. The second is the book of plates and diagrams issued by the Electrical Age, New York, under title of Illustrations and Descriptions of Telegraphic Apparatus. A. C. Terry and William Flinn are the editors of this valuable help.

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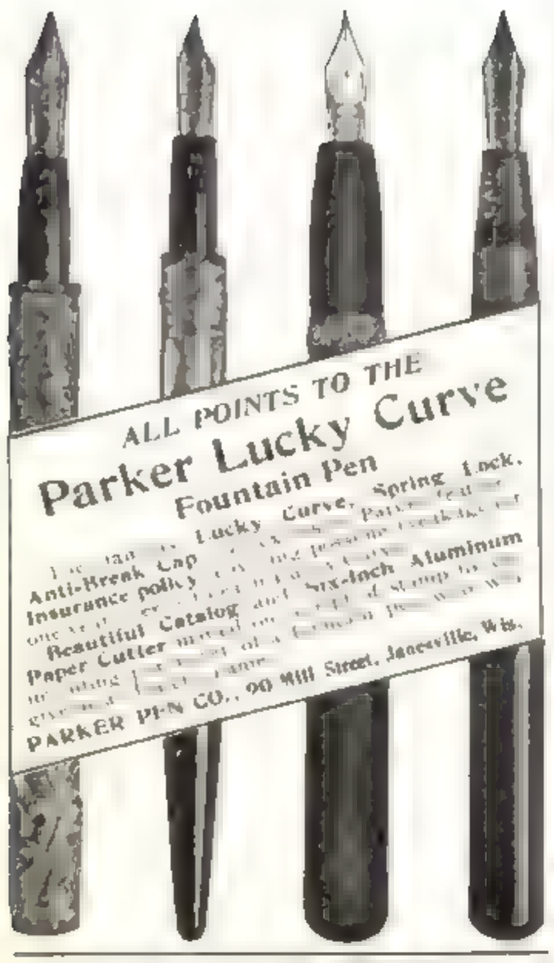

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The bunches should be taken when perfectly ripe, allowing from three to six inches of stem below each bunch, and all defective grapes should be removed. Put each stem into a bottle of water, which must be set or hung at such an angle that the berries will not touch the bottle. It is necessary that the storage-room shall be dry, with a constant temperature of from 40° to 45° Fahrenheit Darkness, though not essential, is very desirable, and it is a good idea to put a teaspoonful of powdered charcoal into each bottle

The bunches should be examined every week, and all decaying berries picked off About the second or third day after the bunches are put into the bottles it will be necessary to refill the receptacles with water inasmuch as the stems will have absorbed a good deal. No further refilling, however, will be needed. Grapes may be preserved for as long as eight months, it is said, by carefully following this method

The art of keeping fruits and flowers fresh for a long time has been wonderfully developed within the last few years. Nowadays flower growers, by subjecting their blooms to a sort of hardening process in cool rooms before sending them to market, give them such lasting quality that they remain in good condition for a surprisingly long time—violets for a week, and carnations for as much as a fortnight, when properly treated afterward. Transatlantic steamships carry quantities of flowers in their refrigerator compartments, so that passengers, if they want to pay for the luxury, can have bouquets every day of what seem to be fresh-plucked blossoms

Europeans know very little about cold storage, and at the Paris Exposition they were hardly willing to believe in the genuineness of American fruits which were brought out of a refrigerator chest every morning, a small quantity at a time, and put on exhibition Apples in summer-time, which had been carried over from the previous autumn in perfectly good condition, were to the French people especially marvelous, and they were inclined to insist that the "pippins" and greenings" must have been brought from Australia

Rhode Island Clam Gardens

Alarm for the safety of the clam fishery which is an industry of no small importance in Rhode Island and Massachusetts, has been dispelled by the discovery that the mollusk—it is the "long" clam and not the "quahaug" that is meant—can be planted and grown under cultivation as easily as the potato. In fact, the crop can be raised with much less labor than potatoes, inasmuch as the "seed" may be sown broadcast without preliminary digging

Recent experiments by the United States Fish Commission have proved beyond a doubt the practicability of clam culture on any scale that may be desired. Last summer small areas of mud and sand flats along the Rhode Island shore were sown with little clams which were obtained in unlimited quantities by seeking them in certain easily-found spots, where they were so thick that as many as 9700 were counted in a single quart of sand, the specimens averaging about one-fifth of an inch in length

The sand containing these multitudes of baby clams was passed through a sieve, so as to separate the mollusks, which were there upon conveyed in bags to the tidal flats where they were to be planted. For experiment's sake they were planted in various ways, some being simply thrown out upon the sand or mud exposed between tides, while others were sown over areas which had been more or less dug up preliminarily to make the soil loose. Different stages of the tide and different kinds of weather were chosen for the plantings. In all, nearly 6,000,000 young clams were used

As a result, it was found that the best way was to scatter the little clams broadcast over the sand or mud flats without disturbing the soil, for it appears that the bivalves at this early stage of their career possess much greater powers of burrowing than later on, and within a few minutes after being thrown out they make their way down into the sand or mud, fastening themselves securely by means of a sort of rope or "byssus," such as a mussel employs for the purpose of anchoring itself. In a word, they plant themselves. If the soil is first loosened they do not get so firm a hold

Long clams are of two distinct sexes The female at spawning time throws out an enormous number of microscopic eggs, from which, when fertilized, are hatched tiny free-swimming animals. These animals, after a brief career of adventure, settle down upon some solid object, such as a stone or a frond of seaweed, and attach themselves by means of threads of a substance which they secrete When opportunity offers they proceed to burrow into the ground. The prospect of life for an individual clam at this stage of its career is exceedingly small, but the multitudes of the species are so great that there are always plenty that survive

Reckless overdigging has greatly depleted the shore areas in Rhode Island and Massachusetts, but the experiments of the Fish Commission show that such areas may be rendered productive again at a cheap rate Nor is it necessary that there should be abstention from clam hunting for any great length of time, inasmuch as a clam hatched in the spring will be full grown in a single year. In this respect the long clam has a great advantage over the oyster, which requires about five years to reach marketable size

The Heavenly Twins

The most interesting of recent astronomical discoveries is the fact that Eros, the newest of the minor planets, is double—in other words, that, instead of being a single globe, it is in reality two. Instead of one baby world, there are a pair of them, revolving about each other as they follow the pathway of their orbit around the sun

Eros is such an infant among the worlds its total area being only about as great as that of the State of Rhode Island, that the news that it is double may well excite pleased attention. There may be other doubles among the four hundred and odd "asteroids found up to date, but this is the first instance of the kind of which any knowledge has been obtained. Quite probably an able-bodied man of ordinary size could throw a stone from one globe of Eros to its companion sphere, the attraction of gravitation being so slight.

Doubles among the stars in outer space seem to be plentiful enough. One of them, for example, is Castor, in the constellation Gemini, which, huge as it is, revolves around a yet larger dark body, thus presenting the remarkable spectacle of a fiery orb, vastly greater in size than our own sun obeying the attraction of a colossal world which may be habitable like the Earth

Mizar, the middle star in the handle of the Dipper, is really a pair of giant suns, and another double is a fiery red sun in the constellation Scorpio, which is linked with a comparatively small sun of brilliant green color. Algol, the famous "demon star" is coupled with a dark and invisible sphere which revolves about it, causing its light to glare and fade alternately, like a beam from a lighthouse with a revolving lamp

Recent measurements appear to show that the greatest of all stars, and the biggest of all suns, is Arcturus, which gives out something like six thousand times as much light and heat as are yielded by our own solar orb The star that moves at the most rapid rate is known to astronomers as "1830 Groombridge." Sometimes it is called the "runaway star," its velocity of motion being at least two hundred miles a second. It could make the journey from the sun to the earth in five days, and its speed is so great that the attraction of all the bodies of the universe could not stop it. So far as human knowledge goes, there is no force in Nature that could ever have set it going at such a rate Hence, it is imagined that this celestial racer must have come out of the depths of space from some universe other than ours.

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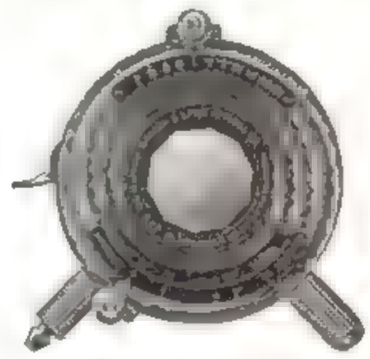

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PRACTICAL POLITICS

(Concluded from Page 4)

shoulder to shoulder with the other honest men in the organization and help drive the dishonest out. He would not sacrifice his interests and the interests of those who have a right to look to him for leadership and action by setting up or attempting to set up a new business organization—that would be a selfish, cowardly, traitorous course. His place for fighting would be within the organization, not outside. All he could expect to do by the other course would be to wreck or attempt to wreck the whole system, so that he might gather a bit of the wreckage for his own personal emolument.

It is folly to declare against the professional politician and to abstain from participation in party organization because many of the leaders are professional politicians. Politics is a very proper, a very creditable profession. There is no more reason why a man should not serve the people than that he should not serve an individual or a corporation. In fact, it seems to me that if there is any choice it is, or ought to be, in favor of serving the people. The man who can do that successfully and satisfactorily has qualities that entitle him to the highest regard. Of necessity he has executive ability of a high order, and is thoroughly qualified for the administration of the offices his party may have to bestow. Ten to one he gives better service than the non-professional politician, who will very naturally give a large part of the time for which he is paid out of the city treasury to his private affairs. To say the least, the politician has as strong a grasp on public questions as has the private citizen. Frequently he has a much stronger grasp, for it is part of his business to keep informed on the questions before the people. It would amaze some of the critics of the Tammany Hall politicians if they could hear these men discussing current events, the problems of the day. They have a broad conception of present necessities, and can look ahead and plan for the future and for big public improvements in a way that is too often denied the good citizens who sit aloft and throw mud at a class of people of whom they know nothing except what they read. Of course, there are thick-headed, thick-skinned, vulgar, coarse and ignorant men among politicians; but so there are among manufacturers and bankers and merchants; yes, and among writers. But it is not the thick-headed, coarse class that controls in any division of human endeavor, and certainly not in politics. Here the alert, the quick-witted, the bright-minded of necessity outnumber the others, for in politics the survival of the fittest is inevitable.

The outcry of the theorists against the "boss" is foolish. It is based on an absurd and exaggerated state of facts. To secure the best system of municipal government it is necessary, as I have said, to work through the regular political machine, and to have such a machine in its highest form it has been found necessary to have a head, or, if you will, a "boss." It insures the best interests of the community and the best interests of its members. It is so in all perfectly constituted organizations. There is a court of last resort, a "boss"—a head to whom all may turn for final instructions and orders. Unless this is so there is hopeless and needless confusion. Six or a dozen men, all having equal claims and equal capacity, may aspire to the same place. There must be some one who can pass on their aspirations and end the dispute. Organization men realize this and accept the decision of the "boss," saying: "All right; it will be my turn next time."

It is true that the organization system does not always throw to the top, into the leadership, the best man for the place. This is not the fault of the system, but of its constituents. It is not to be remedied by the assaults of the free-lances on the organization. It is to be remedied by the active participation in organization politics of all good men. When this comes we shall have practical municipal politics that will also be ideal politics.

The Great Generals of the Last Generation

(Concluded from Page 10)

"There is virtue in the look of a great man. I felt myself warmed and refreshed by it during the rest of my life!" The gentleness and grandeur of General Lee's personality were compelling beyond the power of words to describe.

No incident I have ever heard shows General Lee's tenderness of heart and fine sense of gallantry better than the scene at a court martial where a distinguished Southern officer was on trial for disobedience of orders. Major John Lee presided and Robert E. Lee was a member of the court. The accused, who shall be nameless here, stood stripped of sword, sash and epaulets—a pitiable figure calculated to excite the compassion of the sternest heart. His only badge of honor was a gold belt presented him by the State of Texas. This he was permitted to retain. There was peculiar harshness and austerity in both the nature of the questions put to the accused officer, and the manner in which the examination was conducted. This severity increased as the trial proceeded. All the auditors felt the strain of the situation, but the tension at length became too great for one young girl, just on the threshold of womanhood, who broke into a passion of sobs. Instantly General Lee was on his feet and begged the court to excuse him for a moment. Hastening to the side of the girl he offered his arm, and in an undertone said to her: "Come, child; these scenes are not for a heart as tender as yours!"

By force of both association and contrast, thought instinctively turns from Robert E. Lee, the Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Armies, to the man to whom he surrendered at Appomattox. One was the embodiment of courtesy, elegance and rare social gifts; the other was less polished, though of the loftiest manhood, but silent and shy. Grant had the rare faculty of saying the right thing in a social conversation as well as in a military or Cabinet conference. Never have I heard him make a more characteristic reply than on the occasion of a reception at my own home at Highland Place, in Washington. The attendance at the reception was very large, and a space for the dances of the young people was set aside by means of a line of ribbon.

No sooner had the dancing begun than General Grant took his position a few feet from the ribbon, his eyes following the graceful figure of his daughter Nellie, now Mrs. Sartoris, as she glided across the floor among her gay companions. There was a light of ingenuous satisfaction and pride in the eyes of the General. Evidently this expression attracted the attention of General Sherman, and was thought by him to betray a hint of longing to join the brilliant and happy group of waltzers.

Placing a hand upon the shoulder of Grant, Sherman pointed to the line of ribbon and said:

"This is not a bar to you, General. You're a privileged character and may cross the line without leave."

With a smile which had in it a hint of sadness Grant quickly stepped forward in military order, his toes dressed squarely to the line, and replied:

"Ah, General! I've long since learned to toe the mark!"

Though the incident passed with a laugh, no one who witnessed it could fail to catch the serious meaning underneath it. He, the idol of the American Nation, had learned the lessons of obedience and of personal limitations with respect to the rights of others!

The great dispositional contrast between Grant and Sherman was sharply brought out by the events of that evening. Not half an hour after Grant had halted at the line, and made the significant reply which I have narrated, General Sherman had stirred the older members of the company to clear the main floor for the stately old Virginia reel. That evening confirmed his reputation as the prince of gallants, for, instead of the customary bow, he saluted many with a kiss. At first this created a buzz of comment, but it was done only to the youngest, and so gracefully and in such a spirit of fun-making that no one thought of offering the most delicate or diplomatic of objections.

At the beginning of this exhibition of General Sherman's temperamental gayety I laughingly exclaimed: "Come, General! It's hardly fair for you to take special privileges and not share them with your host!"

"Are you yet sixty?" he inquired.

"Not quite," I answered.

In a tone of assumed severity he instantly replied: "Then, sir, you are not in it!"

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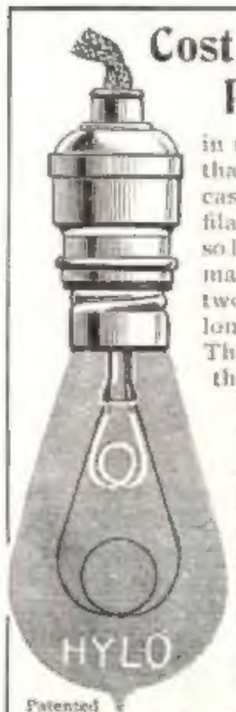

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STEUBEN SANITARIUM, Hornellsville, N. Y.

A Notable New Book

PHOTO. BY BRADLEY, N. Y.

MRS. EDITH WHARTON

The Valley of Decision, by Mrs. Edith Wharton (*Charles Scribner's Sons*), is a genuine *tour de force*. The difficulties in the way of such a book are so vast that one hardly dares to ask how far they have been surmounted, even by the ablest story-writer in America. Italy of the eighteenth century is a background too varied, too changeable, too ill-understood to serve as the setting of a novel. Mrs. Wharton's determination to use it all carries us from city to city, from scene to scene, each crowded with new characters, boldly and lightly sketched, each asking of us the clearest insight and the closest attention, until the reader, dazzled, delighted and fatigued, feels like a tourist who has striven to travel intelligently from Naples to Milan in the fortnight which might have sufficed for a pleasant glimpse of Perugia.

The hero of The Valley of Decision is the heir presumptive of an impoverished Italian principality, a young man of admirable intentions and feeble powers of execution. The gathering forces of his day, the new philosophy, so wordy and so benignant, the new discoveries in science, the great wave of sentiment which was to break finally in torrents of blood over Europe, thrill him with sympathy and enthusiasm. As virtuous as he is impressionable, his early indiscretions are of the mildest order. He attends meetings of the Honey Bees, a band of harmless and respectable gentlemen who come together with elaborate secrecy to examine fossils and discuss chemistry and political economy, and whose persecution at the hands of the Holy Office seems at once unkind and supererogatory. With the daughter of the most industrious Honey Bee, Odo falls in love. His rank is an insuperable obstacle to their marriage; but the lady—a sort of eighteenth century Hypatia, equally at home with the harpsichord and the "origin of civilization"—consents later to become his mistress and guiding star. That she leads him to ruin and banishment is hardly her fault. She has been nursed on philosophy until she lives in an ideal world, peopled with unrealities. Odo, Duke of Pianura, is as forceless as Odo the heir, and there is a bitter irony in his splendid defiance of his people overnight and in his solitary flight the next morning, a fugitive too insignificant to be worth pursuit.

It is possible to take exception to the picture of Italy—even eighteenth century Italy—which Mrs. Wharton draws; at the excess of impiety and licentiousness which she so readily takes for granted. Her facile acceptance of it is like the acceptance of the iniquity of Paris by the modern Englishman or American who sees only what is thrust before his eyes, and knows nothing of the vast and calm and steadfast good beyond. That curious Venetian convent, for example, whose inmates wear low-cut evening gowns at their own masked balls, and from whose gates beautiful nuns in shining silks, with pearls wreathed in their ruddy locks and falling over their bare shoulders, go boldly forth to meet their lovers—where did Mrs. Wharton find the record of such gay misdoings? The charm of the book lies in the delicacy of the author's style, in her quick flashes of sympathy, in her ironical clearness of intuition.

—*Agnes Repplier.*

A Chance for Clyde Fitch

Mr. Clyde Fitch, the playwright, whose success has been so phenomenal, and who has enjoyed the unique distinction of having some five or six plays presented at the same time at different theatres in New York City, possesses prodigious fertility of invention, and is the last man to whom, one would suppose, people would offer to sell ideas. As a matter of fact, however, he is continually in receipt of letters offering to sell plays and suggestions for plots of plays.

One letter, received a few days ago, is especially noteworthy on account of its businesslike brevity, and the self-confidence of the writer. The letter was as follows:

Mr. Clyde Fitch.

Dear Sir: I have a sketch for a drama, and will sell it to you, clear, for $600. It will far exceed any dramas that you have ever had on the stage. I am an original writer of songs and dramas. I will sell the exclusive right of this drama for the sum named, and you may use your name as the author if you will use my name as the writer of the poem which it contains.

Yours very truly,
X—Y.

One of the interesting spring books, by the way, is entitled Captain Jinks, and is the presentation, in book form, of Mr. Fitch's play, Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines. It contains portraits of Miss Ethel Barrymore, who has taken the leading part in it during the two years of its presentation, and various other pictures. The cover is curious, in that it is a reproduction of a drawing, on cloth, by a new process. The cover designer is Miss Blanche Ostertag, who has been doing some unique work.

A Sultan in Light Opera

PHOTO. BY ROSS, CHICAGO

MR. GEORGE ADE

Inspiration for the writing of Mr. George Ade's clever musical comedy, The Sultan of Sulu, came to him in a manner most to his liking—that is to say, through his fellow-worker and companion, Mr. John T. McCutcheon, cartoonist, illustrator, war correspondent and—in the near future—novelist.

Almost from boyhood these two young newspaper men have been working partners. Their first long separation came shortly before the outbreak of the Spanish War. Rare fortune took Mr. McCutcheon to Hongkong in time to go to Manila Bay with Admiral Dewey. Then he remained in the Philippines and sent home the brilliant letters which gave him a wide reputation as a war correspondent whose "stuff" was as good as his pictures.

Early in 1900 Ade visited the Orient, and spent three weeks in Manila with McCutcheon. One evening Mr. McCutcheon related his experience in the Southern islands and told how he had interviewed the Sultan of Sulu, after crossing the islands in company with Mr. John F. Bass, of the New York Herald, a Nubian interpreter and two native servants, and thus reached the place where the Sultan held court. This was then a most reckless undertaking. Arriving in safety they sought an audience with the Sultan, who had resisted all overtures on the part of General Bates.

At last the young American newspaper men were admitted to the imperial presence, and found the Sultan to be a man of middle age, wasted by dissipation and with lips discolored by the betel-nut. They assured him that their visit was one of peace and good will. In return the Sultan ceased chewing his betel long enough to say:

"Your countrymen are as brothers to me—and I hope they'll treat me the same."

To the narrative of this visit Mr. McCutcheon added an account of a subsequent visit to the Datto (Prince) Ali Uddin.

Incidentally he recited a tribute in verse to one of the Southern chiefs:

HADJI MOHAMMED JAMLOL KI-RAM

In the Datto Tantung of Bongao
I rule in the South South Sea;
I don't give a darn for any darn man
Who don't give a darn for me.

While they were laughing over the ludicrous incidents connected with Ki-Ram's first bewildered experiences with the American

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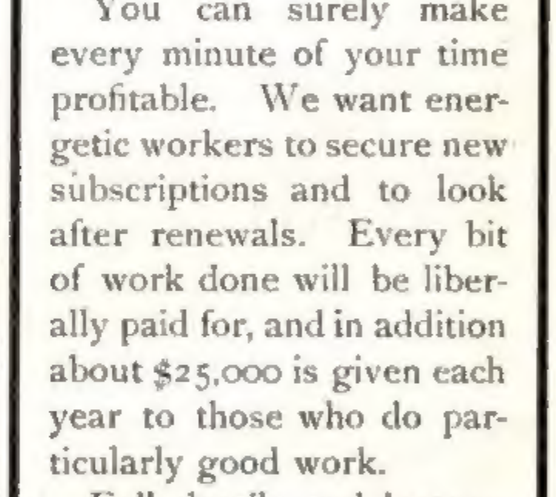

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soldiery, Mr. Ade suggested that the story of Ki-Ram would work up into a comic opera. That was the beginning of The Sultan of Sulu. Mr. Ade has written the "book," but Mr. McCutcheon has officiated as "consulting architect" for the scenery and costumes.

A Matter of Pen-Names

It will be a matter of great surprise to the reading public to know that "J. P. M.," author of A Journey to Nature, and The Making of a Country Home, whose new book, The Great Oil Syndicate, is to be brought out by Doubleday, Page & Co. this spring, and whose name is given on the publisher's list as "J. P. Mowbray," still hides his real name—that is, that "J. P. Mowbray" is as much a nom de plume as is "J. P. M." That he has a home somewhere in Rockland County, New York, is all that is really known about him, but it is conjectured that he is a commuter who has an office in Wall Street.

Among other recent nom-de-plume writers is "Miles Amber," who is the author of the much-talked-of new book, Wistons, published by the Scribners.

It may be presumed that the identity of "J. P. Mowbray" and "Miles Amber" will soon be revealed, for it is the astonishing custom of many present-day writers to use nom de plumes and at the same time to let the real name be known. "George Douglas," author of The House with the Green Shutters, lets it be known that he is really G. B. Brown. "Anthony Hope" does not try to conceal the fact that he is actually a Hawkins. "Ralph Connor" is Rev. Charles W. Gordon. "Pierre Loti" is L. M. J. Viaud. One might wonder what shyness or other cause induces the use of a nom de plume which in no degree hides the real identity.

"Basil King" is really Rev. William B. King. "Maarten Maartens" is J. H. W. Van der Porten. "Benjamin Swift" is William R. Paterson. "Octave Thanet" is Miss Alice French. "Lucas Malet" is Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison. "Max Adeler" is Charles Heber Clark. "John Oliver Hobbes" is Mrs. Pearl M. T. Craigie. "Ian Maclaren" is Rev. John Watson. "E. Nesbit" is Mrs. Hubert Bland. "Max O'Rell" is Paul Blouet. "Mark Rutherford" is William Hale White. "John Strange Winter" is Mrs. Arthur Stannard. "Mark Twain" is Samuel L. Clemens. "Henry Seton Merriman" is H. S. Scott.

And another queer feature is that while names which are not at all striking are frequently used as nom de plumes, some really odd names which look as if they might have been manufactured for the sake of catchiness are actual names and not nom de plumes at all—as Rudyard Kipling, for example, Bret Harte, Hamlin Garland and Opie Read.

Altsheler's Hurried Assignment

Mr. J. A. Altsheler, author of My Captive, one of the new spring books of the Appletons, and of some half-dozen other American historical novels, is a newspaper man of years of experience, and is still connected, editorially, with one of the great New York dailies.

He was telling a few days ago of an incident connected with one of the assignments given him by his paper.

"I was sitting at my desk," he said, "when an office boy told me that the managing editor wished to speak to me. I went to him, and he said: "'I want you to get right off on an assignment.'

"'All right,' I said; for a newspaper man is always ready to start off on a 'story.' It is part of the very nature of his business. I thought, of course, as the managing editor was thus interesting himself in it, that the assignment would be something out of the ordinary, and I wondered whether it was some important news story which would keep me in the city, or whether it would perhaps take me up the Hudson or over to Philadelphia.

"I was hoping to dine that evening with some friends and to go to the theatre, but if a newspaper man proposes it is a managing editor who disposes. But, of course, my conjectures about the assignment were all thought out in a flash.

"'I want you to go out of the city,' he said.

"'Yes——'

"'You are to go to Hawaii,' continued the editor calmly.

"'Yes,' I replied, wondering whether I could get ready within a week. But at least I should have the dinner and the theatre.

"The editor glanced at his watch. 'It is just two minutes after four,' he said. 'The train you will have to take leaves the Grand Central at seven. That leaves you nearly three hours to get ready.'

"'All right,' I said. I was afraid it wasn't all right, but there was simply nothing else to say.

"'There are rumors that Queen Liliuokalani is to be restored to her throne, and in that case there are apt to be scenes of great excitement and bloodshed,' added the editor.

"Well, I hurried home, got my things together in a rush, bought some necessary articles, said good-by to Mrs. Altsheler, and somehow or other, with my baggage, was on board the train at seven o'clock. After all, as the editor had said, I had nearly three hours to get ready to go half around the world.

"At San Francisco my connections were very close, and the boat which I had to take was to leave its pier within fifteen minutes after my train arrived. There would not be another steamer for three weeks. I jumped into a cab, paid the driver to make his horse gallop, and reached the pier just as the gangplank was about to be drawn in."

Mr. Stockton and the Old Well

There are so many Southern writers in the North that it is pleasant to find at least one Northerner who lives and writes in the South. He is Mr. Frank R. Stockton, and he recently returned to his delightful home in the Shenandoah Valley, after a stay of some weeks in New York City.

"I like the surroundings of my home very much, indeed," he said, as he was leaving the city on his return; "I live in the Shenandoah because I like the country, and not from any reason connected with my writing. I long ago found that the place in which I live has no influence on my work."

Mr. Stockton's home is a delightful house near Charlestown, West Virginia, and is in the midst of a country rich in historical associations. Near by are all the localities of John Brown's raid, and within a short distance of Mr. Stockton's house is the spot where, within a few moments of his death, Brown said, as he looked solemnly off at the mountains, "It is a beautiful country."

Within easy driving distance is Harper's Ferry, hemmed in by the towering Maryland Heights and Loudon Heights. The battlefield of Antietam is only a few miles away.

"But I do not anticipate writing any historical story," said Mr. Stockton. "In a sense, my new story, Kate Bonnet, out this spring, is historical, and I do not expect to write anything more definitely historical than that."

Near his home, close to a charming little old cottage, is a well, known as Braddock's Well, and uncontradicted tradition declares that both Washington and Braddock drank of its waters. It is at least true that the army of Braddock passed through this region, and close to where Mr. Stockton lives.

"Yes, I believe it is really a well of that olden time," said Mr. Stockton, "and it is much better known to visitors than it is to those native to the region."

"Does the water taste sweet and good?" he was asked. "Is it such water as the Father of his Country——?"

"Oh! I have never even seen the well yet," said Mr. Stockton with a smile.

Mrs. Davis' Home in Frenchtown

The home of Mrs. M. E. M. Davis, a number of whose charming stories of New Orleans have appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, is in the very heart of the old French Quarter of which she loves to write.

Her husband, like the husband of another Mrs. Davis—Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, of Philadelphia—is editor of a leading newspaper, and the people of New Orleans, like those of Philadelphia, are inclined to resent somewhat the prominence of the wife in the public eye as compared with that of the husband, who is, in each case, a leading citizen of his town.

The house of Mrs. M. E. M. Davis is on one of the narrow streets of the French Quarter—one of those streets roughly paved with cobbles and great square stones. Like most of the other houses of that district, it is built to the very edge of the sidewalk, and a vined and flowered balcony is in front of the second-story windows. There is an interior court, a stairway that is the delight and envy of Mrs. Davis' friends, and some beautiful pieces of antique furniture.

Near by are the old Cathedral, the French Market and the Place d'Armes, where Mrs. Davis' characters meet and see each other, and make love charmingly.

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They are men who devote all their time to their business, and to nothing else. They have established every precedent of advertising instruction. This is the record of Edward T. Page and Samuel A. Davis. TAUGHT THOROUGHLY BY MAIL.

Send for our 64-page prospectus and bundle of affidavits.

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PAGE-DAVIS COMPANY, Suite 18, 167 Adams Street, Chicago

$100.00 will be Given Away

Divided equally, on May 10th, among all those answering this advertisement in The Delineator, The Designer, or THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, who will buy from us a pair of **Black Cat Garters** or **Snap-on Corset Hose Supporters** before May 1st, and give us the name of their dealer, tell us what they now wear, and why they like the **Black Cat Garters** better than those they are now wearing. Answer quickly to give yourself plenty of time to try them and be sure to answer all three questions.

BLACK CAT GARTERS

Are the Only Expanding Loop Garters and with the snap-on attachment to corset-hose supporters, makes them the only garters and hose supporters that possess this only valuable practicable improvement ever made. The expanding loop adjusts itself, under strain, to every thickness of stocking, so that it holds firmly **but never cuts or tears the finest hose.** The Snap-on Corset Hose Supporter fastens over the lowest corset stud and prevents it from unfastening of itself. It gives the erect, straight-front, military effect and depresses the abdomen without the strain on the back common to other devices said to accomplish the same object. They are the black, white, blue, pink, red, yellow and lavender, for men and women; children's, black or white.

Corset Hose Supporter, fancy Frills, . . . 25c.
Men's Silkene Garter, ... 25c.

Ask your dealer for them and don't let him sell you any of the old style loop fasteners when you can get the expanding loop (which is so much better) for the same money, and the quality of the webbing, and finish is unexcelled. **Illustrated Catalog FREE.**

THE BLACK CAT GARTER COMPANY, 246 Market Street, Chicago, Ill.

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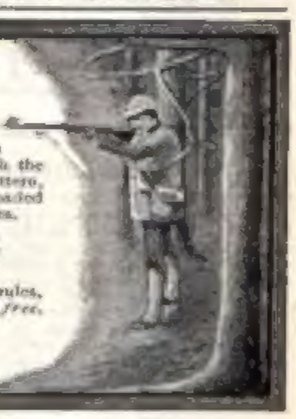

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The Star Monthly wants names and addresses of bright boys between 12 and 20 years of age. We want to get them interested in our 32-page Illustrated magazine of boys' stories, which has a circulation of 100,000 copies monthly, although only eight years old. It contains fine stories and handsome illustrations as well as departments for the Amateur Photographer, the Collector of Stamps, Coins and Curios, a Puzzle Department, an Educational Contest, and each month awards a number of valuable prizes to subscribers. The subscription price is fifty cents, but if you will send us five boys' names and addresses plainly written and **five** 2 cent stamps, or **10 cents** in silver, we will enter you as a subscriber fully paid for six months in advance. Address

The Star Monthly
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INCREASING thousands of people are benefiting by the vast and immensely profitable real-estate operations of New York's new era of expansion. Yet, comparatively speaking, the wonderful conditions here are but little known outside as yet; when stated, they arouse genuine surprise and enthusiastic interest, and conservative investors are coming in greater numbers as our unique proposition becomes better understood, its sterling character fully realized and public confidence more widely established.

No one who looks into the matter thoroughly and grasps the situation, fails to recognize it as **all we claim**—at once the safest, surest and best-paying investment the world is offered to-day. No better evidence of this could be given than the unequivocal testimony of those who have come on and seen for themselves—then doubled their investment or more. In a recent SATURDAY EVENING POST we gave a full page of such letters from all parts of the country. Below we give as many more—all different from the last. Quantities more of like tenor are on file at our office, and copies will be sent to any applicant. To-day we simply ask your careful examination of our wonderful record and the endorsements of **those who know.**

More Letters
FROM
Appreciative Patrons

A REMARKABLE RECORD

Since our first general advertising appeared last year, we have sold nearly $900,000 worth of Brooklyn property to people in all parts of the world, from Alaska to Manila, South Africa and Brazil, besides almost $1,500,000 worth to residents of New York City itself. *Those Who Investigated added $280,000 to Their Original Purchases.* Of the 840 people to whom we sold lots, 429 have visited New York at our expense. 108 persons confirmed their original purchases, and 319 increased their holdings to an aggregate of $280,000; the most marvelous stamp of commendation ever given a commercial house. A letter to us will give you their names, doubtless some in your own locality. Any of these writers will doubtless gladly answer your inquiries if you enclose a two-cent stamp.

"Wouldn't Part with My Lots at Any Price"

Sandown, N. H., Nov. 18, 1901.

Wood, Harmon & Co., New York:

Gentlemen—I wish to say that I appreciate the honesty and courtesy which you have always shown in all your dealings with me; furthermore, that I would not part with my lots for any (reasonable) price, as I consider now as I did at the time of purchase, that above all the investment was a perfectly safe one, and I know that this Rugby property must advance in value, located as it is, and faster than most people anticipate. Yours truly,

S. P. LOVERING.

Doubled and Doubled Again

172 Maple Street,
Waterbury, Conn., Nov. 20, 1901.

Messrs. Wood, Harmon & Co., New York City:

Gentlemen—I have the honor of being one of your first customers to purchase in the new section of Rugby. Mr. Jackson prevailed upon me to visit Rugby, when I increased my holdings from one $480 lot to two $1,100 lots on a Linden Boulevard corner. I have since induced a number of my friends to invest, together with my two brothers, and have also secured another double lot corner ($2,200) on Linden Boulevard. I can safely speak for my friends, as well as myself, that we are well pleased with our investments and with the cordial treatment we always received from your representatives; we all feel perfectly at home when doing business with Wood, Harmon & Co. Yours truly,

WILLIAM O. FLORIAN.

"Frank and Truthful Representations"

University of Wisconsin,
Madison, Wis., Nov. 20, 1901.

The surest way to systematically save a stated amount each month furnishes an interesting problem to most men on a salary for upon its satisfactory solution depends the future comfort and independence of both family and self.

My investment in two of your Rugby lots last spring, after a thorough personal examination of nearly a week, was my solution of this problem. My investigation proved that every condition of your advertisement was fulfilled and more. I was especially surprised and pleased to note the high-grade building and street improvements adjacent to the property. It is perfectly obvious to one on the ground that Rugby is in the direct path of the ever-accelerating growth of the Greater New York, and must needs therefore share, in the near future, the certain and rapid rises in values due to that growth.

The acknowledged success of Wood, Harmon & Co.'s numerous real estate ventures can be justly attributed to their wisdom in selecting the properties and to their frank and truthful representations regarding the same. I have written more conservatively than I feel. (Prof.) LEONARD S. SMITH.

"Thoroughly Convinced of Genuine Value"

Allegheny, Pa., Nov. 22, 1901.

Wood, Harmon & Co., 256-257 Broadway, New York:

I am glad of the opportunity to commend Rugby property to anyone seeking a good investment. On reading the advertisement of lots in Greater New York at such rare bargains, viz., small payments, low interest, all improvements, life insurance and non-forfeiture contracts, and assured increase of values, I felt investigation of the firm making the offer advisable. I was assured Wood, Harmon & Co. are worthy of fullest confidence. I then decided to inspect the property with a view to purchasing. This investigation so thoroughly convinced me of genuine values, I made double the investment I had intended. As to business courtesy and fairness of treatment I cannot too highly commend Wood, Harmon & Co. Very truly yours,

A. R. VAN FOSSEN.

"Best Investment I Could Have Made"

345 Lafayette Avenue,
Passaic, N. J., Nov. 19, 1901.

Wood, Harmon & Co.:

Gentlemen—I desire to express my satisfaction at having become a customer of yours. I am positive that it is the very best investment that I could have made. I think a visit to Rugby by any one of ordinary intelligence will enable them to indorse what I say. It is but five months since I bought my lots; but it would have to be a very large advance on what I paid to induce me to sell them, and then it would only be with the view of securing a much larger slice of Rugby. I am also convinced that Wood, Harmon & Co. live up to all that they say and will fulfill all that they promise. W. R. POWELL.

"Advantages Not Found Elsewhere"

309 Germania Avenue,
Schenectady, N. Y., Nov. 20, 1901.

Wood, Harmon & Co.:

Dear Sirs—I desire to express my gratitude to you for the interest and prompt attention shown me during all my dealings with you, and I am very much pleased with my investment at Rugby. I, like some others, was somewhat slow about investing money in land I had not seen, and dealing with a firm I was unacquainted with, but on arriving in New York and making a thorough investigation of things, found Rugby to be far beyond my expectations, and every word advertised to be absolutely true. Anyone thinking of investing in New York real estate would do honor to themselves in dealing with a firm *that is a firm* and always ready to make good every statement uttered. The low rate of interest, the insurance and non-forfeiture from loss of employment or sickness are of vital importance to be considered before buying—advantages not found elsewhere. Sincerely yours,

LEWIS H. SKINNER.

FREE TRIP TO NEW YORK

As a guarantee of good faith, we agree with all persons living East of Chicago to pay you in cash the cost of your railroad fare to New York and return, if you visit our property and find one word of this advertisement a misrepresentation; or, in case you buy, we will credit cost of the fare on your purchase; to those living farther away than Chicago, we will pay an amount equal to round-trip Chicago ticket.

An Old Customer's Tribute

Wood, Harmon & Co., City:

Gentlemen—Nearly a dozen years ago I bought at one of your Scranton, Pa., properties, and have followed with interest your successful operations there and in other cities. Having since removed to Brooklyn, and hearing of your new suburb, Rugby, I immediately bought two lots before the opening, which is perhaps the best testimony I can offer as to my confidence in your judgment and in your fair treatment of customers, as you have always done the right thing by me, by my brother and by others I know—some of whom have bought through my influence and are more than satisfied, as I am. I believe Rugby has a great future, and only wish I might invest still more heavily.

Wishing you the success you deserve and are sure to have, I remain, sincerely yours,

ARTHUR B. METCALFE.
265 Cornelia Street, Brooklyn.

"Brooklyn Good, Rugby Exceptionally So"

Kewanee, Ill., November 26, 1901.

Wood, Harmon & Co.:

Gentlemen—I became interested in Brooklyn property through your magazine advertisement; more interested through the maps and descriptive matter sent at my request, and most interested by what I saw in New York. I wanted to see the property before I bought; could not afford to make a mistake, so visited New York last October. I found Rugby better than I had imagined; perfect building lots on beautiful streets, conveniently located in the greatest city in America, handsome houses being built, the whole property as beautiful as a park; with every convenience at hand.

I bought in Rugby because the prices were such as I could pay, the terms perfectly fair, and the reasons for a rapid increase in value so convincing that to my mind they amounted to a certainty. Any Brooklyn property at a fair price is good, but Rugby is exceptionally so.

Respectfully,

HARRY R. CLEARS.

Prefers His Lots to Principal and Interest

Chartiers Trust Company,
Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 22, 1901.

Messrs. Wood, Harmon & Co., 256 Broadway, N. Y.:

Gentlemen—When I first saw your advertisement relative to your New York City lots I thought the offer too good to be true, but after a thorough investigation, through reliable sources, I found your company to be trustworthy and responsible. Following this information I ordered you to make selections for me. When I visited New York at your expense, I was agreeably surprised at the beauty of my lots, everything just as represented and nothing exaggerated in the least. As to prices, one would wonder how they can possibly be so cheap with such fine surroundings. Taking all into consideration, I think too much of my investment to consider your offer to return my money with interest.

Very truly yours,

H. F. LINNENBRINK.

"At Once Increased My Holdings"

Walkhill, N. Y., Nov. 21, 1901.

Wood, Harmon & Co., New York City:

Sirs—Last spring when I bought a lot at Rugby I did so through correspondence with you, and later when I visited Rugby at your expense to inspect the property I was so favorably impressed and found your representations of the same so true in every respect that I not only retained my original purchase but at once increased my holdings. Should you at any time desire to refer any purchaser to me, I will cheerfully vouch for your honesty and fair dealing. Yours very respectfully,

J. M. BOWMAN, M. D.

Has Solved the Income Question

1736 Curtis Street,
Denver, Colo., Nov. 18, 1901.

Messrs. Wood, Harmon & Co., New York:

Gentlemen—How to provide for an income when incapacitated for labor by old age is the problem of life. I have solved the question. I read your astonishing advertisement last June—an investment that almost anyone can easily provide for. And for property not in a "mushroom town," but in a location where the leading New York papers predict that values of real estate will enhance from five to tenfold within the next five or six years.

Within an hour after reading your advertisement, I sent you a letter containing money for first payment on two lots. As soon as my last payment is made I expect to erect as large a building as possible, and own an income property that will support me.

Yours truly. N. T. PLUMMER.

Invested $1,120 Instead of $480. Why?

Williamstown, Pa., Nov. 21, 1901.

Messrs. Wood, Harmon & Co., New York:

Gentlemen—When I saw your advertisement of lots for sale in Greater New York for $480 and up, I concluded, here is another scheme to pawn off swamp lands on the public. But when I noticed your offer, "Free Trip to New York," I decided to go and see it, and if as represented would risk $480 in a city where nearly anything would grow into value. I went, was shown over the grounds, was more than pleased with its condition and the process of beautifying it. It took but little pointing out to convince me the city was by natural conditions to grow in the direction of Rugby; hence it would greatly increase in value. At once I invested, not $480, but $1,120, and have since sent several of my friends there. They all bought, and are all pleased. I have no hesitancy in recommending it as all you represent it to be.

Respectfully yours, WILLIAM J. DURBIN.

REMEMBER OUR OFFER

For $10 down and $6 per month until paid for, we sell you a regular New York City lot, full size, subject to the following guarantees from us: If at the expiration of the year 1902 this $480 lot is not worth $576—or 20 per cent. increase—based on the price at which our corps of salesmen will then be selling similar lots, we will refund all of the money you have paid us with 6 per cent. interest additional. If you should die at any time before payments have been completed, we will give to your heirs a deed of the lot without further cost. If you should lose employment or be sick you will not forfeit the land. Write for full particulars on these points.

Isn't this evidence sufficiently convincing to warrant your sending the initial payment of $10, or at least writing to us for the full details of this marvelous proposition?

In fact (as lots are SELLING VERY FAST), we will say this: In order to secure for you the earliest possible advantage of selection, and an immediate share in the increase of values, we agree to return to you—cheerfully and without quibbling—all the money you have paid us, if you are not PERFECTLY SATISFIED on examining our entire proposition within one year, that it is just as represented. Isn't this fair? Sit right down and mail us $10. YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT. Address:

WOOD, HARMON & CO., Dept. "G 6," 257 Broadway, New York

Business blocks, corner Flatbush and Linden Avenues, only 3,000 feet from Rugby

Residences on Linden Avenue, only 2,000 feet from Rugby

Corner Utica Avenue and Linden Boulevard, Rugby
Every improvement you see has been made within six months